THE LIVING AGE

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for October, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

OUR FIVE articles on England speak for themselves. We have arranged them in the order of the political views they express, starting with the ultra-Conservative *Morning Post* and ending with the radical *New Leader*. The one from the *New Statesman and Nation* caused the most sensation since it makes out a good case against the wisdom of Mr. MacDonald's decision and does not attempt to moralize. Gerald Barry, editor of the *Week-end Review*, is the best type of enlightened Conservative; H. N. Brailsford, a man of equal integrity, takes a less traditional view. The article from Germany is of considerable importance since it points out that a British revival depends on the reconquest of foreign markets. Even Philip Snowden's second budget marks only the beginning, not the end, of the crisis.

ROBERT ARON and Arnaud Dandieu have written the article on America that we have been waiting for. These two young French intellectuals—M. Dandieu is the author of a book on Proust—identify the United States with the capitalist system and argue that a new revolutionary spirit is needed to banish both America and capitalism from the face of the earth. Not being Communists, they do not visualize the struggle in terms of class warfare but in terms of competing nationalisms. Their thesis amplifies that of Hans Zehrer, expounded in our December issue under the title, 'Back to Nationalism,' for they express in terms of culture what he expressed in terms of economics.

'FRANCE IN DECAY' is really a companion piece to the article by MM. Aron and Dandieu, for it discusses among other things their latest book. If it were not for the weekly and monthly periodicals of France we should indeed have a distorted picture of that country's state of mind. As this article points out, French political life, especially as reported in the newspapers, ignores many of the important intellectual movements in the country, and we should be making a great mistake if we thought that the present chauvinistic tone of the daily press indicated that the average Frenchman is full of fight and confidence. Quite the contrary. French prosperity, as we point out in 'The World Over,' is already on the decline and the better element in the nation is anything but happy and confident.

THE ROME correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung* throws cold water on the hopes that many of his countrymen cherish on the subject of Franco-Italian rivalry. He shows that southeastern Europe is the only field of conflict and that the Italians are more scared of the Germans than of the French in this quarter. Johannes P. Freden, Rome correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, then outlines Mussolini's educational programme, which was the source of most of the trouble with the Vatican.

NIKOLAI BERDAYEV offers some ingenious interpretations of Russian Communism, which he says is a new religion. He truly points out that faith in the doctrine of Marx and not the doctrine itself made the success of Bolshevism possible, because according to Marx economics are the determining factor and Russia had not reached that stage of development at which she would be driven to revolution automatically. Indeed, the failure of Socialism in Germany and England to bring about the kind of revolution that Marx desired may indicate that his theories should be modified—certainly the successful Russian Revolution proves that they should not be taken too literally. But Mr. Berdayev is a little inaccurate when he quotes Marx as saying that revolution would come about as a result of well-being. Marx always insisted that the rich would get richer and the poor poorer and that this contradiction would lead to a smash.

(*Continued on page 187*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

October, 1931 *Volume 341, Number 4381*

The World Over

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S personal dilemma reproduces on a small scale the dilemma that England as a whole is facing. Ever since the Reform Bill of 1832, the British nation has adjusted itself to new economic and industrial conditions without considering the possibility of revolution. The Labor Party, with its doctrine of the 'inevitability of gradualness,' has always been a party of reform: it has dared to repudiate Mr. MacDonald but not to demand an immediate overthrow of the capitalist system. For what the Labor Party tried to do during its two periods in power was to use the instruments of capitalism to introduce the reforms of socialism. It did not threaten to repudiate the gold standard or to destroy the Bank of England. All the institutions through which Britain controls the financial markets of the world were left untouched. But during this time the capitalist was made to bear a larger and larger load of social expenditures.

Having bet on capitalism as being strong enough to bear the cost of introducing socialism, Mr. MacDonald could not destroy his own source of strength. For the wealth that Britain possesses to-day comes in large measure from foreign investments, and the yield on these investments would at once begin to drop if the pound were to sink below par. Wages and unemployment benefits would automatically decline and thus the chief accomplishment of the Labor Party would be destroyed. It must always be remembered that the Labor Party has been concerned less with expropriating the owners of capital and nationalizing the instruments of production than with keeping wages as high as possible and working hours as low. The bulk of the Labor Party, including such men as Henderson, Clynes,

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and Graham, who are now accusing MacDonald of treason, have always followed this policy and are following it still. They still believe that the rich people can afford to pay the freight. Quite possibly they are correct, but Mr. MacDonald disagrees. The difference between them, therefore, is purely one of tactics, not of principle. No man can call Ramsay MacDonald a traitor to his class who does not at the same time advocate the immediate overthrow of the capitalist system.

WE SHOULD like to go on record as prophesying a new tendency that will make itself increasingly felt in England. Given the refusal of the Labor Party, whether in office or in the opposition, to preach class war, its leaders will be forced to blame the foreigner instead of the native capitalist for any trouble. Already a Laborite Member of Parliament has cried out against the 'Wall Street gangsters,' and the *Daily Herald*, official organ of the Labor Party, has asserted that American bankers are directly responsible for the cut in the dole. With patriotic feeling running high in every party, it will be only natural if the French and Americans come in for more abuse, especially from the Laborites. What is essentially a domestic class struggle will be portrayed as a struggle between nations.

ONE OF THE best analyses of the difficulties of the pound sterling appeared in the Conservative *Week-end Review*, where Mr. A. Emil Davies, the chairman of several large investment trusts, wrote as follows:—

> The truth is that ever since the end of the War foreign financiers, bankers, and economists have been uneasy about the fundamental stability of the pound. Among the reasons for this belief were the gradual passing of the coal era, the development of a high protectionist policy on the part of some of Britain's best customers, regardless of the cost to themselves, and the feeling that Britain was about to lose her control of Egypt and India. Added to this was the impression that our working costs are too high to enable us to compete successfully with other manufacturing nations, and among foreign bankers I have frequently heard the opinion expressed that the restoration of the pound in 1925 to its former gold parity was an appalling blunder, due to pride and lack of intelligent anticipation. This view is borne out by the Macmillan Report.

Mr. Davies then quoted the banking axiom that 'you must not borrow short to lend long' and asserted that a tendency in this direction had been partly responsible for the weakening of the pound. Yet he does not feel that the situation is really desperate:—

> When things come to a head, the effect or impression, because it comes as a surprise to the majority of people, is usually exaggerated. This country is a great deal more than solvent. Its accumulated wealth is huge, particularly in the shape of foreign investments, even after allowing for the heavy fall in value that has occurred as a result of universal depression. What is lacking, however, is liquid resources that can be converted into, or regarded as equivalent to, gold, corresponding to the £240,000,000 or so of foreign funds that is still invested in or through London and

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is repayable at short notice. The effect upon foreign nations of our estimated budget deficiency is vastly overrated; far more attention is paid to our unemployment figures, but the real causes for foreign apprehension are as stated. That section of the City which is largely responsible for the present situation is telling the Government what it should do to remedy matters.

The *New Statesman and Nation*, a more radical journal, is even more convinced of the stability of Great Britain:—

> The essence of a crisis of confidence is that its gravity depends, not on facts, but on the feelings and actions of the financiers themselves. There was no good reason why there should be any flight from the pound—except the fact that such a flight was beginning. The financiers themselves encourage an incipient panic, and then give the panic as a reason why the country must be governed in accordance with their will. Great Britain has ample reserves; there is more British money abroad than foreign money in Great Britain; we have big reserves of overseas investments; and we are not, even to-day, living beyond our income. But we cannot recall our resources that are in use overseas without creating chaos in Europe, including a big risk of bringing Germany down; whereas it is possible, not only for foreigners to take back a large part of their short-term money from London, but also for Englishmen in a panic to begin removing British money overseas. If these two things happen, we cannot remain on the gold standard, in the sense of allowing free export of gold, or preserve the stability of our exchanges. And, if we decide to go off the gold standard, we can avert the danger of collapse only by drastic state control of the entire money market and the banking system. But all these unpleasant facts arise because the financiers have got into a panic, and not because there is, apart from their panic, anything desperate in our national situation.

It therefore concludes that the National Government has lost its head:—

> As matters now stand, very serious harm has been done. Great Britain has given the world to understand—quite wrongly—that she is at the last gasp. Our financial difficulties have not been in any way surmounted. The world economic depression is nowhere near its end; and budgetary difficulties are bound to increase, and not diminish, for some time to come. The new 'National' Government has begun to slide down a steep and slippery slope to which no bottom can yet be seen. The bankers have dictated to it to-day; and what is to prevent them from exacting still more if the situation grows worse? The country is to be committed to a purely negative policy of economies that are bound to add seriously to the numbers of the unemployed. At the same time it is to cut down the 'dole,' and thereby in effect issue a general invitation to employers to reduce wages. Purchasing power in the home market is thus to be doubly restricted; and this policy is presumably to continue until the price level has been forced down into some unknown abyss in which what the economists call 'equilibrium' is supposed to lurk.
>
> This, of course, is precisely the policy that was damned up hill and down dale by the Macmillan Committee only a month or two ago. It was described by them as a policy of despair, likely to lead to repudiation or revolution.
>
> In our view, then, the policy on which the new Government of Mr. MacDonald is based is radically wrong. It is wrong from a national, and still more from an international, point of view. It is wrong internationally, not only because the removal of the Labor Government is likely to wreck the last remaining chances of the Indian and disarmament conferences, but also because Great Britain's plunge into the policy of restricting purchasing power is certain to intensify world depression, force

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prices lower, and set up a fiercer rivalry in wage reductions all over the world. Mr. MacDonald's intentions are above suspicion, but the road to hell for the British economic system is paved with such intentions.

UNEMPLOYMENT and depression have at last crossed the French frontier. The trade returns for July are the lowest monthly total for exports as well as imports since the franc was stabilized. Over the first seven months of 1931, trade has declined twenty per cent and export trade twenty-nine per cent. The unemployment figures cannot be expressed so clearly, but the London *Economist* estimates that there are a million and a half men in France out of work. This figure is based on an investigation conducted by the Department of Labor which showed that employment had fallen six per cent during the first half of 1931. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* analyzes the situation as follows:—

> The ever rising figures of the stock of gold in the vaults of the Bank of France bear out this relation between the repatriation of French foreign balances and credits and the decline in French trade. The stock of gold in June 1928 was 28,934,000,000 francs; at the end of 1928 it was 33,990,000,000 francs; at the end of 1929 it was 42,433,000,000 francs; and on August 14 this year, the last available return, it was 58,557,000,000 francs. It is difficult to escape from the conclusion that a large amount of this gold now represents an unhealthy restriction of credit. This condition is accompanied by high internal prices, regularly shown in the discrepancy between the wholesale price index of French manufactures and that of imported manufactures. It is also evident from the consumption figures that the French have less to spend. In normal times the deficiency in the French balance of payments is made good from the vast resources derived from 'invisible' exports. Chief among these are the profits from the tourist industry, foreign investments, and freights, all of which to-day belong to the depressed industries.

AMAZINGLY little attention has been paid to the negotiations that have been going on since early in June between the French and the Soviet Governments. Two subjects have been under discussion—a trade agreement and a pact of nonaggression. The final adoption of either measure would transform the present balance of power in Europe. Since the signing of the Rapallo Treaty in 1922 Germany has been relieved of the fear of Russia that used to haunt her before the War and in her dealings with Poland she has always had Russia in the background at her side. But if France is now able to cultivate better relations with the Soviet Government, either in a business or a political way, Germany's security is destroyed. To be sure, the conservative press in Paris has protested against having anything to do with Communists, but the semiofficial *Temps* has explained that an agreement with Russia might be an excellent idea. Certainly the Germans were terrified and Litvinov had to go to Berlin to reassure Dr. Curtius that Russia would not sign a nonaggression pact with Poland. The *New Statesman and Nation* can see nothing to it but a triumph for France:—

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Astonishing news from the Continent has passed unnoticed amid our own preoccupations. First came news from France that a treaty of nonaggression with Russia was under way. The Quai d'Orsay turned our incredulity to amazement by pronouncing the report 'premature': the treaty had not yet been *signed!* It had in fact been initialed, which is much the same thing. While we were wondering what on earth Poland—France's eastern 'bulwark of democracy'—would do, came news that Poland herself had drafted a pact of nonaggression with Russia and presented it to Moscow. Meanwhile in Hungary, after over ten years of revisionist policy, Count Bethlen's government was driven to accept the £5,000,000 loan arranged by France, and was succeeded by Count Károlyi's new Cabinet, friendly to France. Austria-Hungary weaned from adhesion to Germany and the Russian half of the Russo-German nutcrackers broken on the Polish nut—quite a good week's work by the Quai d'Orsay! No wonder German extremists talk of an *Isolierungspolitik* abroad.

LAST MONTH we printed in our 'Letters and the Arts' department an epigram of Talleyrand's that applies remarkably to-day: 'Financiers do their business well only when nations do theirs badly.' The report of the committee of bankers who gathered at Basel to suggest how Germany can be saved has at last got to the bottom of a perplexing situation. Within six months Germany must be given ample long-term credits; within a year the reparations problem must be settled. Now it is up to the statesmen. Because the United States is clearly planning to offer debt reduction in return for disarmament, Washington turns down any suggestion that the debts be scaled down at once. But the stubbornness of France has a different cause. M. Flandin, the finance minister, has declared that France is willing to forget about that part of German reparations that has to be handed over to the United States in the form of debt payments, but that the unconditional reparations are something else again:—

As for our net portion [of German payments], you know that it does not even cover effective reparation of the damage that was caused us not merely by the War but by systematic and deliberate destruction. Nobody in France, to whatever party he may belong, has ever admitted that France can renounce a right that not only is inscribed in the treaties but expresses the desire for justice in the conscience of peoples.

Furthermore, France has no desire to disarm, since her prestige in Central Europe is based quite as much on her military as on her financial power. She is therefore unlikely to surrender this prestige simply in order to save Germany from a collapse that would have dangerous repercussions in the United States.

CHANCELLOR BRÜNING faces the problem of whether to strengthen his Cabinet to the left or to the right. If he strengthens it to the left and gives more power to the Social Democrats, he will be taking out good insurance against a working-class revolution this winter and through the Socialists he might be able to secure a loan from France, since the Socialists are the only group not averse to making the political concessions that the

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French demand. On the other hand, if he admits a few followers of Hitler or Hugenberg, he will be taking out insurance against a Nationalist revolution and will be administering a real and popular blow to France. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, speaking for Jewish high finance, warns against the danger of a discontented proletariat; Professor Johannes Haller of Tübingen, writing in the nationalistic *Berliner Börsenzeitung*, says that France desires a German collapse:—

> It is common knowledge that our present financial crisis was chiefly brought about by American creditors led by the house of Morgan, a firm that works hand in glove with France, and that has thwarted President Hoover's plans for salvation as much as it can. Their purpose must be clear to anyone with a memory for recent events. No one has denied that the fall of the Spanish monarchy was the work of French influences. It was brought about by an attack on Spanish currency that led to a serious economic crisis. King Alfonso was deprived of financial support, fell, and had to abdicate, and Spain, that might have been able to block French ambitions in the Mediterranean, has now become an obedient servant of French policy and, in any case, offers no danger.
>
> The same recipe that was applied to Spain is now being applied to Germany, and the next few weeks will show how successful it may be. The plan is transparent, the ruin of our finances is to lead to a domestic political upheaval. The middle-class government we have enjoyed for more than a year is to be overthrown and a Social-Democratic government is to be put in its place which will dance to the tune of French piping. If the tendency should be still more to the left and the Communists should triumph, good enough. In that event, Germany would be of no more use but would be still less to be feared.

Professor Haller's remedy is more and better nationalism.

BECAUSE retired army officers above the rank of major receive three times as large pensions in Germany as in France, plus twice as large bonuses for time spent in active service, the French press has found a really just excuse for indignation. These figures were revealed by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which discovered from a memorandum written by a former finance minister of Germany in 1926 that 1,599 retired army officers of high rank received 19,423,000 marks from the Reich. Since that time five hundred of these pensioners have died, but the rate at which the survivors are paid remains the same, although wounded veterans who held no commissions have had their pensions cut in the meanwhile. The *Berliner Tageblatt* says: 'France is the country of "glory" but the liberality with which Germany rewards her retired officers cannot be duplicated in France.' *Le Figaro* attaches more importance to the psychological than to the financial aspect of the case and argues that such generosity proves that the warlike spirit still flourishes as much as ever across the Rhine.

THE ABANDONMENT of the Austro-German customs union may be taken as an indication that France will continue to profit from the present

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state of distress in Europe. Consider this chain of events. Last April Austria and Germany announced their projected tariff agreement. Briand, who had gone as far as he dared in coöperating with Germany, was thunderstruck and announced that Franco-German relations had 'come to a halt.' A few weeks later he was defeated for the presidency, and since that time his prestige at home and abroad has declined. Meanwhile, French foreign policy has taken a more openly aggressive line. In the middle of June the largest bank in Vienna, the Credit-Anstalt, failed. England, Italy, Sweden, and the United States gave assistance, but not France. A month later all the banks in Germany closed their doors. By this time not only Austria but the whole of Central Europe understood that French gold had become omnipotent on the Continent. As Heinrich Eduard Jacob, Vienna correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, says: 'France is the one creditor power and her political influence is greater than it ever has been since the Armistice of 1918.' The decision of the World Court against the customs union thus marks the end of Austria's efforts to oppose the power of France and reveals the pressure that France can bring to bear. If such a modest start toward altering the present alignment in Europe meets with such a sharp and comprehensive attack, surely it is evident that more ambitious efforts in the same direction cannot be made under the present rules of the diplomatic game.

IT WOULD be the easiest thing in the world to quote half a dozen authoritative statements to the effect that France did not demand the resignation of Count Bethlen as Premier of Hungary in return for the loan that immediately followed his departure from office. Count Bethlen himself, *Le Temps*, semiofficial organ of the French Foreign Office, William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, and Karl Lahm, Budapest correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, all assert that it was bad health, fatigue, and the need for new blood in the Cabinet that prompted the man who has ruled Hungary for ten years to resign immediately after winning a big majority at the polls. But the fact remains that Hungary under Bethlen pursued a pro-Italian and not a pro-French policy. And since France has consistently tied political strings to all her foreign loans, it is hardly likely that an exception would be made in the case of a country with strong pro-German and pro-Italian leanings. No. We record the fact that most reliable sources of information in Europe agree that Hungary has not drifted into the French orbit, but we cannot indorse this interpretation. Only if the French had feared an immediate revolution in Hungary with repercussions throughout the Little Entente would they have loaned money unconditionally.

MORE EVIDENCE of Polish atrocities in the Ukraine has been made public by an unimpeachable correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*,

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the same paper that revealed the brutalities and murders committed a year ago by representatives of the Polish Government among citizens of Ukrainian blood. An investigation by the League of Nations confirmed these earlier reports, but conditions have not changed fundamentally. Instead of flogging peasants to death the Poles now prevent any freedom of assembly or speech, they are constantly fining Ukrainians for not keeping their premises clean, and they are closing more Ukrainian schools each year. Victims of the floggings of a year ago are still dying, because the Poles refuse to allow them to be visited by Ukrainian doctors, and more floggings are occasionally administered, although now the precaution is taken to carry out the punishment in some distant spot and to detain the man who has been beaten until he has partially recovered. One must turn to the pages of the Wickersham Report to find parallels for the brutalities administered by the Poles, who are particularly severe on children. Confessions are obtained by third-degree methods and justice is administered by Polish, not Ukrainian, officials. The territory where these outrages still occur is southeastern Poland, which was incorporated in the present Polish state by the terms of the Treaty of Riga, which divided the Ukraine between Poland and Russia in a one to four proportion according to population. Although there is no prospect of a free Ukraine, the nation regards Poland rather than Russia as its hereditary foe.

SPAIN'S SECOND draft constitution, a much more radical effort than the first one, which the Cortes voted down, combines nineteenth- and twentieth-century theories. Certain property can be nationalized and divorces are to be granted at the request of either the husband or the wife—in these two respects Spain has followed the example of Russia. But there is not a hint of dictatorship. The government is to be republican in form and democratic in function. Whereas England, France, and the United States have two legislative chambers, Spain, like the newer Baltic democracies, plans to have but one. Two major disputes must be settled, the one between Church and State and the one between Barcelona and Madrid. If we are to believe José Ortega y Gasset's incredible statement made elsewhere in this issue that Spain is now the least Catholic nation in Europe, the religious question should not be difficult, and we suspect that there is something in what Señor Gasset says. But Catalonia is bound to be an obstacle. It does not like the idea of a single legislative chamber, since that smacks of centralized control, and prefers a loose federation that would be a kind of United States of Spain.

WITH LORD SANKEY and Ramsay MacDonald still in the British Cabinet and Winston Churchill out, British policy at the Round-Table Conference should remain substantially what it would have been if the Labor Government had stayed in power. Stanley Baldwin, Lord Reading,

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and Sir Samuel Hoare, members of the new Government, have all approved of the first Conference and of the idea of an all-India federation with safeguards. Not all Conservatives, however, will approve, and their defection will have to be balanced by the support of Laborites, who will follow Mr. MacDonald in India but not at home. The changes on the Indian side are more disturbing. At the first Conference, the princes caused surprise by all agreeing to join a federation with the States of British India, but lately they have been showing less enthusiasm. For the princes have come to feel that they enjoy more security under British rule than they would as members of an all-India federation. As for Gandhi, he is unquestionably the shrewdest politician of them all. His backing and filling before he made up his mind to set forth, his humble way of life, his eccentric dress, all these touches, though in no sense artificial, indicate that he is an instinctive master of political technique.

IN NOVEMBER, after Gandhi has left London, delegates from Burma will arrive to participate in a Round-Table Conference of their own. One of the recommendations of the Simon Report on India, adopted by the first Round-Table Conference, was that Burma should be treated as a separate problem. Nor will it be a simple one. Like all other producers of raw materials, Burma has been hit by the world depression, which has been particularly disastrous because rice is the only Burmese product. Prices have fallen to half of what they were a year ago and are not enough to pay the costs of production. Violence has resulted in the form of a fantastic movement started last December by a soothsayer named Saya San who calls himself 'King of Burma,' and has persuaded his followers that he can make them invisible and invulnerable. They are made to swear to the spirits to 'destroy the heathen'—meaning the Europeans, Chinese, and Indians, and he has assured them that the bullets of their adversaries will turn into water or air. For seven months the revolt has been spreading, in spite of the fact that the leader's promises in regard to invisibility and invulnerability are not holding good. But conditions are so wretched that the prospect of immediately entering Nirvana in the event of death is preferable to life in Burma as it is to-day.

FOR the first time in Japanese history the opposition party in Parliament has attacked the Government's foreign policy. The Seiyukai leaders, who favor a stronger hand in China and Manchuria, have accused Baron Shidehara of being 'negative,' although their own 'positive' policy as practised by the late Tanaka ministry caused the Chinese to boycott all Japanese goods, with disastrous effects. But it is not so much the actual complaints that are lodged against the Minseito Party, which is now in power, as it is the fact that any complaints at all are being heard. The *Japan Advertiser* makes this comment:—

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> In the past no party has ever actively and systematically opposed the foreign policy of the government of the day. This was perhaps natural enough in the earlier years of Japan's career as a great power. Her foreign policy was obviously to secure recognition of her rights and legitimate ambitions from the reluctant European nations. The policy was frankly nationalist and necessarily so, and it was generally thought, on the one hand, that it was essential for Japan to present an absolutely united front to the outside world, and, on the other, that foreign policy was too difficult and too delicate a subject for the average party politician to handle.
>
> It has often been said that the influence of bureaucracy has lingered too long in all departments of Japanese political life; it has lingered still longer in foreign affairs. It should, however, be remembered that this fact is in no way peculiar to Japan. In pre-war Europe, under pretext of the necessity for 'continuity of policy,' foreign affairs were to a great measure removed from the full scrutiny of the public, which a frank and controversial treatment of them by rival parties in the legislature makes possible. Of no country was this more true than of England, the home of party government. Nowadays, however, in all the parliamentary democracies, a foreign commitment is as hotly and frankly debated as a domestic tax.

As the opposition grows more skillful, Japan should make further progress in the way of 'open diplomacy,' which, unfortunately, is not a certain guarantee of peace.

THOSE OF US who are not actively engaged in breaking or enforcing the law sometimes forget that the United States is more given to violence than any other nation in Christendom. Seen from abroad our gangsters, bootleggers, and police become symbols of forces that many Americans ignore. Of course, it is nothing unusual or significant when the sensational press of London plays up the latest New York or Chicago killing, but it is important when three sage and serious British weeklies comment simultaneously on the dangerous social tension that exists about us. For instance, the Conservative *Week-end Review* makes this comment on the Wickersham Report:—

> The worst failings of the police of London are made to seem like the ministrations of angels beside the barbarities of the New York police, as detailed in the Wickersham Report on 'third degree.' This report reveals a combination of subtlety and savagery before which comment retires routed. To confine a man in a mosquito-infested cell with the scalp of his dead wife beside him—which of the legendary tortures of the Chinese outdoes this in refinement of cruelty? This is twentieth-century civilization in the land of Jefferson, Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson. We can only exclaim, adapting Stevenson, 'Golly, what a country!'

The *New Statesman and Nation* prophesied a reign of Ku Klux terror after five New York children were shot by gangsters while playing in the street:—

> The shooting of the New York children has had one result that many had been expecting for some time, namely, the awakening of the American Legion, which clamors to be employed in a holy war upon the gang leaders and racketeers. They will meet with an eager response in many states, and, whatever the attitude of the authorities toward the idea of using the Legion to suppress the gangs, it would seem

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indubitable that the United States is in for a stage of authorized Ku-Kluxism. The method is appalling, and it would be inconceivable in any other country. America, however, is used to it. Whether there is any possibility, under existing conditions, of stamping out the evil of organized terrorism is highly doubtful. But one thing is undeniable: it cannot be done without the authorities' and the community's facing the certainty of a further huge death roll. The Diamonds and Capones will exact their toll of life.

The *Saturday Review*, a Conservative organ, calls attention to Mr. William Green's statement that a revolution in the United States in the near future is by no means impossible and asserts that unemployment and prohibition have created a crisis 'of the first magnitude.' Then comes this cheerful paragraph:—

There is no country in the world with such unruly elements in its population as the United States, and if once the Communists gain control of them the Russian Revolution will be child's play compared with what will inevitably follow. The North American has been prosperous for so long that he is likely to be driven mad by adversity, and he certainly will not take it so well as the European, with centuries of economic ups and downs behind him. The real testing time of the United States is at hand, and we shall all watch her carefully to see how she carries herself in her darkest hour.

That it should be necessary to emphasize that these statements are serious and responsible is a reflection more on ourselves than on their authors.

THREE MEN now rule Turkey: Mustapha Kemal—supple, impulsive, imaginative; General Ismet Pasha—dogged and vindictive; Marshal Fevzi Pasha—steady-going and conservative. Kemal is the outstanding figure; Ismet is responsible for the executive side of government; Fevzi is solely interested in making the army efficient and contented. The chief anxieties of the triumvirate are financial. Revenue has shrunk this year by nearly 20 per cent and the Government has been vainly negotiating with the French for a further loan. But the French, who are already Turkey's chief creditors, insist on political concessions and will continue to do so in the belief that they can ultimately impose their own terms. Meanwhile the Turks are afraid of the Russians, who do not want them to borrow money from Europe and who can make trouble along the northeastern frontier. The Italians are also disturbed by the prospect of a French loan because such a consolidation of French influence in the Near East would outweigh any advantage Italy might gain from a more prosperous Turkey. The British are comparatively neutral. The only alternative to a French loan is an American one, but the chances are certainly against any such venture at the present time.

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Here are five different points of view on the new British Coalition Cabinet: one ultra-Tory, one moderate Conservative, one left-wing Liberal, one left-wing Labor, and one liberal German.

'Muddling Through'

AN EDITORIAL SYMPOSIUM

I. A NEW START

From the *Morning Post*, London Tory Daily

IF THERE are those—and they must be many—who are disposed to regard with misgiving the idea of a national government, they should have one substantial consolation. They are at last free from the disastrous government that has held office for the last two years and three months. Whatever the change may leave to desire, it must at least be a change for the better. It seems almost too good to be true that the late but unlamented administration is actually no more. The sensation is like that of waking from a bad dream, and already the country begins to breathe more freely, to see new hope, and to feel new confidence. The formation of a national government for the purpose of meeting a grave emergency is, apart from the War, a novel episode in our political annals, and the resort to such an expedient affords a measure of the urgency of the situation with which the country is faced. It says much for the soundness of our political system that men divided by the sharpest political antagonisms should so readily combine to face a national crisis, and find in that common interest reason enough to leave their party differences in abeyance. It is also matter for pride and congratulation to know that in such a pass the influence of the Crown, in which the national sense finds its embodiment, is still so real and so potent. Without transgressing any constitutional limitations, the King has on this momentous occasion played a memorable part, and has achieved what no other influence could have achieved so well. He has proved to a grateful people that the Crown is indeed an estate of the realm.

If the first essential of the hour was the restoration of confidence abroad as well as at home, it may certainly be said that no better step to that end could have been devised than the change of government that has taken place. The world now has assurance that the source of our trouble has been removed, and that not only something,

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but the right thing will be done to recover our health. A small Cabinet of ten, representative of the three parties in the state, and dedicated to one purpose only—the restoration of British credit—should be swift to act and efficient to give the country the lead for which it waits. Nor will it command confidence the less, but rather the more, because it serves under the same prime minister; for, whatever may be said against Mr. MacDonald, it must be admitted that in this national emergency he has played a man's part, and has put the country's interest before any party or personal considerations. The same must be said of Mr. Snowden and the other Socialist ministers who have stood by their chief, when there was much to lose and little to gain politically by fidelity. As the official statement informs us, this is not a coalition government in the usual sense, but a government of coöperation for one purpose only. When that purpose is achieved, 'political parties will resume their respective positions.' However that may be, no time is to be lost in calling Parliament together and submitting proposals for a large reduction of expenditure, and for whatever steps may be necessary to maintain 'a well-founded confidence in sterling,' on which, as the *communiqué* well says, 'the commerce and well-being, not only of the British nation, but of a large part of the civilized world, has been built up.'

Now that the days of suspense are over, it is possible to realize how grave and hopeless was the prospect as long as the late cabinet was in control of affairs. No fewer than eight of the most influential members of that cabinet were implacably opposed to the only measures that could avail; and they have broken up the government and opened a rift in their own party rather than check the deadly drain of the dole on the national resources. Mr. Arthur Henderson, the late foreign secretary, is also the manager of the Socialist Party. His secession is a formidable event for Mr. MacDonald, for he may be expected to lead the opposition to the new Government's schemes, and it is likely that he will command the bulk of the Socialist strength in the House of Commons. Behind him, also, is ranged the full strength of the Trade-Union Congress. There can be no doubt that this opposition will be overborne; but what will be the alignment of persons and parties after the immediate ordeal has been surmounted must be a difficult speculation.

It is a bold experiment that is being made, and one that nothing short of success can justify. That reflection should nerve the new Cabinet to be resolute, and the coöperation of its members should be made easier by the knowledge that they are committed to nothing but national service in a great emergency, and that the sooner their common task is over, the sooner they will each be free to follow their proper destinies.

II. After the Crisis

By Gerald Barry

From the *Sunday Times*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

NOW THAT the crisis is resolved—in the sense that a joint Government has been formed and further credits from abroad are forthcoming—we have moved far enough forward to be able to see the events of the past two weeks in some sort of perspective. The first thing to emerge is that now as much as ever

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there is need of preserving a solid front. It is a solid front that alone has got us over our immediate difficulties. It will only be the maintenance of a solid front that will carry us through those that lie ahead, without danger of reaction or relapse. That end may be a good deal farther off than many seem to think.

To see why, we must go back over events. The crisis arose because the outside world, the world of international finance on whose confidence in British credit rests the integrity of the pound, began seriously to doubt the ability or intention of the British nation to live within its means. Recent international events had put sudden additional strains on sterling, until one fine morning the bankers woke up to find themselves face to face with an emergency.

It is true that this emergency had, to some extent at all events, been foreseen some months before—foreseen and then shirked. It was this willful procrastination on the part of the then Socialist government that did so much to undermine the faith of the foreigner. Other governments before it had shared in the orgy of spending, and none can escape blame. But when the emergency of three weeks ago arose there was an immediate and instinctive feeling—now justified by events—that only a show of national solidarity, by the leaders of the other political parties' sinking their differences in support of a common policy of root-and-branch retrenchment, would sufficiently convince outsiders that the issue of saving or spending was really to be raised above sectional conflict, and that the whole country was at one in its determination to make ends meet.

At first a joint government was not thought of. The Conservative and Liberal leaders made only two stipulations in return for the promise of their support of the existing ministry: that the sacrifices to be demanded of the nation should fall fairly on all classes, and that the total of economies should be sufficient in magnitude to meet the situation fully as they saw it. When it became clear how serious the cuts would have to be, and that to bring them up to the required total some curtailment would be necessary in the scale of unemployment pay, the Prime Minister and Mr. Snowden were not able to carry a united Cabinet with them. Accordingly a joint government of all three party leaders was formed, and at once the confidence so requisite to the stability of the pound was created, and France and the United States have guaranteed us further substantial loans.

If this generally accepted reading of the events of the crisis is correct, it brings into sharp relief one moral: that just as it has been the readiness of party governments in the past to make spending an electoral asset that created doubt and suspicion abroad, so now it is the determination of a joint government to exorcise this demon and elevate saving to a supreme virtue that has begun to restore confidence. Granted that the bulk of the Socialist Party is unwilling to back the new Ministry, it yet remains certain that a government composed of any one party alone—even if it could be certain of a majority—would command less confidence than the present Administration.

Now, first and foremost, this Administration has been formed for the benefit of international opinion—it is, if you like, an elaborate piece of window-dressing. If we allow to disintegrate too soon that combination of forces which has re-created confidence, and thereby convey the impression—and indeed quite possibly make it the fact—that economy is once more to be flung back into the arena of party, and that a balanced budget is to be left to the fate of electoral chance, then we speedily undo among those on whom our financial stability largely depends half the good that has been done.

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The risk is by no means small. If the new Government were to dissolve now, or soon, no one can say what the test of an election would bring forth. While the issue was being fought out, the world would be left in doubt whether the work for which the joint Ministry has been called into being was to be undone in part or in whole by the government that might succeed it. The effect of this uncertainty on our credit abroad does not need to be emphasized. To what end would the leaders of the three parties have made their handsome sacrifices if the cause in which they made them were thus to be jeopardized?

But there are several other considerations. No one need suppose that after what has happened anything in politics will be quite the same again. Combinations of parties, even if they are formed, like the present one, for a single specific purpose, are not unmade as readily as they are made. It is merely blindness to pretend they are, however much we may wish it. Nobody wants another coalition, and nobody suggests that the newly formed Government should stay where it is a moment longer than necessary. But how long that will be cannot yet be foreseen, though certain lines on which the political situation is developing make it look likely that the period may be longer than at first sight seems necessary or probable.

In framing an opinion on this there are two points to be borne in mind. As we have seen, the Government's first task was to convince the world. Its second is to convince the country. The second is no less important than the first, and may be considerably more difficult. Moreover, it will have to be handled with care, or it may create a dangerous situation. Already the political outlook is hardening on uncomfortably 'class' lines, and there is fear that this will increase. Whose is the blame for this is not now to the point; the important thing is to prevent what ought to be a united national effort from degenerating into the squalors and perils of a fresh outbreak of class war.

THERE can be no doubt which way the wind is blowing. The manifesto issued by ex-ministers and trade-union leaders makes it clear on what lines their opposition to the new Government is to proceed, and on what kind of argument they intend to base their appeal. They mean to hold up the Government's enforced programme of saving as a planned and unjustified attack on progressive social policy. The fact that this argument, while ignoring the fundamentals of the situation, nevertheless contains a grain of truth (to the extent that social policy—though out of necessity, not malice—will have to be restricted) makes the task of combating it the more difficult and delicate.

To avoid the danger of the situation's crystallizing on narrow class lines must be a paramount consideration during the coming weeks, and it has a fundamental bearing on the continuation in office of the present joint Government. If what began as an effort after national coöperation were to develop into a class struggle, the situation would become a grotesque caricature of all that the sacrifices of the last two weeks were undertaken to bring about.

There is no need to make too much of this danger, but the plain lines on which the situation is developing forbid one's making too little of it. The mere possibility of finding the trade unions ranged against the Government and the nation (as they were in 1926), with all the peril, not to mention the humiliation, that this would entail, calls for the most tactful, convinced, and convincing statement of its case by the new Government to win over to patriotism what is at present in thrall

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to prejudice. A premature return to party procedure would only strengthen class divisions. A Government consisting, as the present one does, of as near an approach to complete national representation as the circumstances permit will stand a far better chance of making a successful appeal in the name of the nation than any purely party administration could hope to do.

We see, then, that the Government, having put through its economies, must not dissolve too hurriedly. To do so would impair returning confidence abroad and intensify an uneasy situation at home. There is still one other consideration. This Government has been formed first and foremost for economy, and this is both urgent and essential. If we do not economize to-day the brokers may be in to-morrow. But economy, while an inescapable means to the end of solvency, is not an end in itself.

The country is to be asked for heavy sacrifices, and every section is more likely to meet the demand in a ready than in a sullen spirit if it is convinced that what it is called upon to surrender it will not have to surrender in vain. A national government that united all classes in a corporate effort to achieve national regeneration, that awakened all the latent idealism that is only waiting for a lead, and that outbid the claims of class with the larger claims of country would be a national government indeed. It would also convince the world as nothing else could that Britain means business. Is it too much to hope that the opportunity presented by the hour will be boldly taken? Or must we be content to stumble out of one crisis into the next?

III. Politics and the Pound

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

In many respects the situation that confronted the Cabinet was like that of August 1914. Then as now the crisis sprang from a distant event in Austria that soon involved this country; then as now members of the Cabinet were confronted with a demand to carry out a policy that contradicted the whole of their political philosophy, that made nonsense of all they had said and worked for. Then as now there were members who said: 'Well, if that policy is to be carried out it must be carried out by others, not by me.' Then it was a decision to fight the Germans; to-day it is a decision to abandon the whole movement toward socialism because of a threat to the stability of our currency. In 1914 Mr. MacDonald refused to join a war cabinet; Mr. Henderson accepted. Mr. MacDonald was denounced as a traitor; Mr. Henderson applauded. To-day in leading articles in the *Times*, for instance, Mr. MacDonald's patriotism is extolled, while Mr. Henderson is denounced as a man who put party before country. Meanwhile, in Labor circles all over the country Mr. MacDonald is being denounced—against Mr. Henderson's expressed wish—for betraying his party. Neither denunciation of Mr. MacDonald nor denunciation of Mr. Henderson is just.

Mr. MacDonald's decision to form a cabinet in conjunction with the Liberals and Tories seems to us a mistake, just as it would have been a mistake for him as a pacifist to join a war cabinet in 1914. For he must inevitably find himself at war with the whole of organized labor, and not only with organized labor, but with all those, in all classes, who believe that the policy of reducing the purchasing power of the consumer to meet a situation of

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overproduction is silly economics. Few people yet realize how extreme and drastic the cuts in the standard of life of all but the bondholder and of certain industrialists must be if the policy of deflation is to have even an apparent success. An effort is being made to represent the issue as merely one of a ten-per-cent reduction in the dole, as if patriotism meant cutting the dole and refusal to cut it could be based only on a cowardly subservience to the electorate. Actually, the reduction in the dole is in itself comparatively unimportant. Mr. MacDonald is quite right in saying that a ten-per-cent reduction, in view of the change in prices, is not so terrible a measure. We oppose it and have always argued against it in these columns, because it is only a first step, the crucial beginning of a policy of reductions, disastrous, we believe, alike for England and the rest of the world. And, if Labor is to carry out a capitalist policy because there is a danger of a flight from the pound,—probably exaggerated,—how can any socialist policy ever be carried out in any circumstances? That threat has always been used and will again be used with far more effect on every occasion that we wish to extend the social services or continue the process of redistributing wealth from the rich to the poor. Such redistribution does, of course, by its very nature mean a loss of 'confidence' among investors; socialism does mean a threat to the capitalist system. That is its definition.

ON the personal side we may respect Mr. MacDonald's position. He has nothing to make out of it; he goes, and goes consciously, away from his party. He must find himself out of sympathy with the majority of his colleagues in the new Cabinet, and he will not find it easy to dissociate himself from their views on many subjects. Mr. Thomas has always been a Conservative at heart; he believes in tariffs and naturally consorts with big business. His presence in a socialist cabinet has long been a subject of jest. As for Mr. Snowden, he is a Liberal, and his views differ not much, if at all, from those of Sir Herbert Samuel. He and the Liberals, armed with a guarantee against a tariff, feel secure at the moment. But they are soon likely to find themselves in a very awkward corner. The Tories will easily coöperate in doing the unpopular, dirty work—in cutting the dole, forcing down wages, and cutting education and the social services. In doing so they will probably increase unemployment, and the various remedies for unemployment must speedily come up for discussion. The Tory remedy is tariffs, and in the depth of depression to which the policy of deflation will soon have reduced the country, a very popular policy it will be. The Liberal cure for unemployment has been an extension of public works, a policy of spending, and that they have now renounced. An excellent tactical position for the Tories! To have used the name and prestige of Mr. MacDonald and the Liberals for the unpopular task of cutting, and then to be able to offer tariffs to restore business. But where will the Liberals be and where Mr. MacDonald?

When the events that brought this new Government into existence are fully known, we shall find that party politics played a larger part than has yet been revealed in the press. It is too soon to tell the whole story, but there are several facts that we may tell and that illustrate, well enough, the manœuvres that were designed to split and discredit the Labor Party. On Friday the Cabinet had completed its task of finding ways of balancing the budget. 'Cuts,' involving large sacrifices from the unemployed, but not an actual cut in standard benefit, accounted for

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£56,000,000. The remainder was to be met by taxation. These proposals were submitted to the bankers. They replied that they were insufficient, if the necessary credits were to be obtained from America. Another £25,000,000 or £30,000,000 must be raised, the bulk of which must come from the dole. The Cabinet was then asked to accept a ten-per-cent reduction of unemployment insurance in spite of a pledge given to the trade unions and to the Labor Party that they would not cut the dole itself. Since the position of the pound was now represented as extremely urgent, many members of the Cabinet were prepared to go as far as this. The Tories were asked whether they would be satisfied, and the Government was informed that if this were submitted to the House of Commons they would not oppose it on second reading, but would reserve for themselves the right of moving amendments, if necessary, to increase the 'cut,' in committee. Here, indeed, would have been a fine situation for the Labor Party! To have accepted it would have been to be outmanœuvred, discredited, and ridiculed. They would, in any case, have had the utmost difficulty, even as a united cabinet, in persuading their followers to accept a ten-per-cent cut as a final reduction, only then to find themselves saddled with the responsibility for a cut that would have proved in committee not final at all! The Tories played their cards well; the Labor Party may be grateful to Mr Henderson for saving it from disruption

IV. The Bankers' Government

By H. N. Brailsford

From the *New Leader*, London Independent Labor Weekly

DRAMATICALLY and with a sudden illumination of the real issues of the social struggle, the second Labor Government has fallen, and all of us feel relief. It has fallen because a minority of the Cabinet, after many compromises and some surrenders, refused to reduce unemployment benefit at the dictation of American banks.

A 'national' Government—ironical name—has been formed which will do their bidding, and the Labor movement finds itself, deserted by its leaders, ranged against a coalition of the propertied class. Splits in cabinets and parties often happen over unreal and secondary issues. This split is no such accident.

From first to last, under Philip Snowden's guidance, the Labor Government had been in the grip of the City. It accepted the City's view of sound finance. It refrained from any policy of expansion and development. It dared not mobilize credit to set the unemployed at work. It was preparing in the end to adjust the whole economic life of the country to suit the requirements of the money-lender's trade. Labor was in office; the Bank of England governed.

If there is any aspect of the final crisis which I for one regret, it is that the banks which gave the final turn to the screw were not native but American institutions. The fact seems to be that it was they who insisted that the Government's economies must include an actual ten-per-cent cut in the 'dole.' A more humiliating experience this country has never undergone, and however much one may desire Anglo-American friendship, it would be folly to keep silence over this affair.

Let us be perfectly just. The American bankers had some status in the

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matter. They had joined the French in lending, not to the British Government, but to the Bank of England the considerable sum of £50,000,000. It seems that it was all gone; it had vanished in three weeks, and already the Bank was asking for more. More would be lent, but on terms—rigid economy (not at the Bank, but at the Treasury) and a cut in the 'dole.'

Now a creditor who lends on such terms has a right to ask whether the borrower is solvent. If it had been the British Government that had borrowed these millions it might have been fair to demand that its budget should be balanced. Even then, was it any concern of America's precisely how we balanced it? If we had balanced it by taxing the *rentier*, our credit would have been as sound as it may become by cutting the 'dole.'

But in this case the British Government (unless I have misunderstood the whole transaction) was not the borrower. It was the Bank that got into danger and borrowed this money. And it is for the City's sake that the 'dole' is to be cut.

It is important to get out the facts, honestly and sharply. The City has been covering up its own reckless profiteering by an attack on the unemployed. Yet the facts are known. For several years the City has made a practice of lending large sums on short-term account to German and even to Austrian banks. The total of these short loans seems to be something over £100,000,000.

Don't imagine that 'the City' saved this money, or that bankers painfully scraped it together through a lifetime of self-denial and thrift. If anyone did that it was the French peasant. Nor need one ascribe philanthropy to the City. What the City in fact did was to borrow from the French at 3 per cent in order to lend to the Germans at 6 or 8 per cent. Then came the crash in Vienna; the Bank lent money. Next the crash in Berlin; and again the Bank lent more.

The French, thereupon, had a vision; they saw the various banks, Austrian, German, and English, tied together like Alpine climbers above the abyss. Two of them had tumbled over; might they not drag the third with them? Acting on this vision they started a run on the Bank; in plain words, they called in their deposits. To save its gold reserves and maintain the exchange value of sterling, the Bank had to borrow.

That, then, is the course of events which has exposed us to this humiliation. The 'dole' has nothing whatever to do with it. What is at stake is the prestige of the City, and its profits as an international usurer. If the 'dole' has anything indirectly to do with it, it can only be this: that if the Government stopped borrowing for this purpose, more of the nation's credit would be available for the City's purposes.

It has a more profitable use for this money. Placed in Berlin it would fetch 8 per cent. One ought perhaps to apologize for writing in this disrespectful way about bankers, but it is necessary to counteract the idolatry of the press and the front benches by reminding ourselves that bankers are merely money-lenders who have risen by the magnitude of their operations to the position that they occupy.

Their word has gone forth, and a national government has been formed to carry out the operation known as deflation. A choice most assuredly had to be made. When in this slump wholesale prices the world over fell to 91 per cent of the pre-war level we could not go on as before. Our costs and our wages were above those of the rest of the world. There were four possibilities. We might have tried to act on the advice of the Macmillan Committee, and by international action raised the price level back to that of 1928.

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That apparently no one even considered. Failing international action, we might have tried to maintain a higher insular price level of our own, behind a tariff wall, as Mr. Keynes and Mr. Bevin proposed. That Mr. Snowden and the Liberals forbade. Again, we might have de-valued the pound in one way or another and abandoned the gold standard, which would have been good for industry and employment, but ruinous for international banking. That the City would have vetoed if anyone had dared to propose it.

WHEN all these courses were rejected, only one other remained, and this the National Government have chosen. We are to deflate and contract in earnest. Wages must come down to the new level, and with them the 'dole' and the expenditure on the social services.

Mr. MacDonald denied at an early stage of the crisis that wages were to be cut. He will hardly retain the confidence of the City if he continues to say that. Of course, the intention is that wages shall come down; to cut the salaries of civil servants and teachers is the signal.

We shall be told that the formula of all these cuts is 'equal sacrifice.' That formula, even if it could be honestly applied, is one that no Socialist Party ought to accept even in an emergency. We do not exist in order to stabilize the present distribution of wealth. We exist to upset it. At every shifting of the price level, our task is to equalize not 'sacrifices,' but incomes. That is the first point to stress.

In the second place, this talk of a mathematical equality in 'sacrifice' is a dishonest stupidity. Is anyone so blind as to suppose that, when you have cut 10 or even 20 per cent from a minister's salary of £5,000, his sacrifice approaches that of an unemployed worker who loses ten per cent out of his weekly dole of 17*s.*?

Until we know the full scheme it is premature to criticize details. One may ask questions, however. Will the cost of the royal household be cut with the dole? What steps will be taken to ensure that rents shall fall as prices drop? Rents are commonly fixed for some years ahead.

And how will the National Government ensure that even wages shall sink equally? The exposed, depressed, exporting trades will not be able to defend themselves; to some extent the 'sheltered' trades that cater for the home market will be able to maintain their standards. Whether any adequate tax will be applied to the *rentier*—the man who enjoys a fixed money income—remains to be seen.

In 1924, on Stamp and Bowley's estimate, he drew over £1,000,000,000 in fixed interest and rent, which came to 26 per cent of the entire national income. That proportion has risen while the total income shrank, till it stands today, as I reckon, at about 35 per cent. How much of this unearned increment of tribute will the National Government take from him?

If it took only 10 per cent it would get more toward balancing its budget than the whole series of the May economies promised to achieve. Rents, after all, are a charge on industry as well as wages. Why cut the one and leave the other? Finally, when all is done, what will have been achieved? Will the home market boom when the purchasing power of the masses has been cut? Will the 'dole' cost less when the reduction of purchasing power has lowered demand and increased the numbers of the unemployed?

Will exports boom? Where will you dump them? Germany is bankrupt; Australia is retrenching; India has felt the axe. But these perhaps are simple questions. 'Confidence' will be re-

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stored, which means that the City, which governs us, will again be able to borrow at 3 per cent and lend at 8.

About the political consequences of this crisis I have said little. For the most part they are plain; one grasps them by instinct. Three leaders have deserted the Labor movement who for some years had ceased in their thinking to belong to it. Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Thomas deserve all the praise that they are receiving from the capitalist press. They have split a party that they had long controlled in the service of alien ideas.

Fortunately the movement remains intact. It has its organization and its press; it will not lack capable leadership; it will recover its fighting spirit. There is no need to say what all will spontaneously feel. These three leaders have chosen their own course and placed themselves at the service of the propertied parties. They will never lead the Labor Party again.

They are sanguine, I think, in supposing that they can complete the task that the bankers have imposed on them by January. If the Party in the House fights as ably as it feels strongly, the operation of reducing wages and 'doles' will be rather more protracted.

May I add an entirely unofficial suggestion of my own? It is that the I.L.P., while it flings itself into this struggle, should aim at restoring the unity of the liberated Labor Party.

Let us forget that some of our comrades compromised, in our view, too long. They have freed themselves now; that is what matters. Our task is to raise this controversy over wages and doles to something more fundamental. We must help a disillusioned movement to realize that it can no longer shirk the struggle for economic power.

V. A German on England

By Günther Stein

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

GERMANY has every reason to be disturbed by what is happening in England. No matter what happens next, no matter how MacDonald's new coalition government develops, no matter what its programme is, or whether it remains in power for a long or a short time, or what the new elections may bring, one thing remains certain: recent events in England will increase British exports at a time when Germany's entire destiny depends on her export trade.

Of course, this reaction to the English crisis is one-sided and egotistical, but it emphasizes the most important aspect of the crisis as far as we are concerned. Lower wages and lower incomes along the whole economic front from the King to the railway man, plus reduction in unemployment benefits and other social expenditures, that is what both the right-wing parties demand, as well as some of the right-wing members of the Labor Party, including MacDonald himself. A ten-per-cent tariff on all British imports, in addition to retrenchments and new taxes on the property-owning classes, that is what the trade unions demand, and they have refused to follow MacDonald, forcing him to resign his leadership. One plan or the other or else a combination of the two are needed to prevent a big deficit in the budget. But all these measures lead, directly or indirectly, to lower wages and lower production costs. With or without a tariff wall, Britain's competitive power on world markets will increase. Exports will be forced and

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imports will be diminished. There is no other alternative, for it is even more necessary for England to export goods than it is for Germany, and England's crisis is fundamentally a crisis of the foreign markets on which her economic system is based.

For years we have competed comfortably enough with England, for England had a high wage level to guard its working class from radical tendencies and also expended comparatively large sums on the social services. The huge burden of war debts raised taxes and production costs and, last but not least, rationalization was proceeding rapidly.

All this must and will be changed. For the crisis has become a financial crisis. The world has begun to doubt the stability of sterling. Foreign countries are looking askance at English capital investments. And all this is happening at a time when the best British investments in Australia and South America are declining in value every day. The combined pressure of the economic and financial crises has now led to a political crisis, which in turn will force England to export at all costs, with or without a tariff wall.

But this is looking at only one side of the present British dilemma. From the point of view of world politics, the situation is equally important. By cutting wages and reducing the dole, two items that have been considered sacred, English capitalism will, for the first time, give up the insurance it had taken out against radicalization of the masses, but it will do so only because of the force of the crisis.

The repudiation of MacDonald by the British trade unions and by the bulk of his own political party is the beginning. What will follow no one knows. But, whatever happens, the political crisis that has finally occurred will continue as long as the world economic crisis continues. For many years England considered this crisis merely a matter of production and markets and has only come to recognize it as a chronic financial crisis within the past few months. Not without reason has England grown nervous. Not without reason is she attempting to form a national government made up of all three parties, from the right through the centre and halfway through the left, something that happened only once before in British history, during the most perilous period of the World War.

From the German point of view it seems to us futile to prophesy whether radical economies will be made in every field, contrary to the desires of the trade unions, or whether English finances will be remedied by a tariff, as the trade unionists advocate. For experience has taught us that neither solution can be permanent. Any improvised financial programme only stops one leak in the present economic system by opening up another. Every financial measure cuts in two directions, and sooner or later leads to greater difficulties. Either alternative, economy or tariff, can win the support of some majority in Parliament and perhaps can also attract a majority among the people themselves. It is therefore probable that all methods will eventually be necessary in the struggle against the threefold crisis—commercial, financial, and political.

Only from this point of view, and not from the point of view of foreign policy, is it immaterial to Germany how the new coalition cabinet sets about its work, how long it stays in power, and how it is replaced. From the point of view of foreign policy there is no more favorable constellation as far as we are concerned than MacDonald as prime minister and Henderson as foreign secretary. Germany has every reason to follow the English crisis, and not only the cabinet crisis, with the closest attention.

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Two Frenchmen of radical tendencies accuse the United States of exploiting Europe in the name of capitalism. We should be blind indeed if we did not recognize the contagious quality of their revolutionary message.

AMERICA
Europe's Cancer

By ROBERT ARON *and* ARNAUD DANDIEU

Translated from *Europe*
Paris Literary and Political Monthly

CERTAINLY there is no more tragic spectacle than that of a conscious human being, assailed by inexorable forces, gradually succumbing to assaults of destiny that are more powerful than he is and more powerful than all the psychic forces he can rally. Faced with such unavoidable and mysterious fates as cancer, madness, old age, and death, what can this miserable consciousness of ours do with its poor arsenal of rage, anguish, prudence, and hope, all of them effective implements in their way but impotent against inhuman forces? In this overthrow of psychic equilibrium, a precarious thing at best, in this panic of all the instincts, our tortured consciousness suffers a supreme collapse that establishes the prestige of the hostile forces that have destroyed it.

Let us pass from the individual to society. Let us put civilization in the place of the individual human consciousness, and we shall see the same horrors being reproduced on a large scale every time a faulty social mechanism throws a single country or the whole world off balance. The progress of such a scourge falls into three phases: crisis, unemployment, and war. These are the immediate catastrophes that go to make up what might be called the American cancer that is now menacing America, Europe, and, indeed, the entire world.

From this point of view, from the point of view of a destiny stronger and more insistent than the will of any individual, Hoover has only passing interest for us. He is a supernumerary and it makes little difference whether Congress adopts or rejects his plan, just as it does not matter whether his forced initiative brings the world the few years of respite that have been promised.

Hoover is, if you like, a tragic figure, since the protagonists in tragedies are always accompanied by confidants and messengers whose sole duty is to provoke confessions or to tell what has been happening behind the scenes.

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Whether Hoover is a confidant or a messenger who gives human form to an abstract necessity of an industrial and banking order, he is essentially as irresponsible as the puppet in our own Élysée. He might have abandoned all cerebral activity long ago and yet he would have played his rôle just the same, addressed his messages, and had his way in those various American prefectures known as the European capitals.

The American tragedy burst on the world in the form of the Young Plan. At this moment the real protagonist appeared, American finance, pretending to solve the European problem of reparations, playing its part behind the mask of a European Bank for International Settlements modeled on its own Federal Reserve System. It has imposed on Europe the same banking hegemony and the same omnipotence of credit that rages on the other side of the Atlantic. The Young Plan has made the various European centres conjointly liable with Wall Street, and there is no agricultural or credit crisis in the United States that does not have fatal repercussions abroad.

Just as the industrial and financial system of the United States, which is based solely on the abstract mechanism of banks and neglects such physical and psychological realities as bad harvests and speculative panics, is gradually being chiseled away before it finally falls to pieces, so Europe is headed toward the same fatal catastrophes in consequence of the same movement. Each measure the United States adopts to ward off the fatality that hangs over its system has its repercussions here. Whether America is organizing world capitalism on a solid basis through the Bank for International Settlements, or whether she is isolating herself behind the Hawley–Smoot tariff, Europe is obliged to suffer.

Up to now every palliative has failed to cure America. The plague that broke out in 1929 refuses to abate. Furthermore, money lent to Germany is in danger of being lost. President Hoover, being of a religious spirit, looks for some sacrifice that will appease the gods, and he has discovered the war debts. This development caused rejoicing among all who believed that complete liquidation of the War would cure our present ills. But their joy was premature, for another liquidation is more necessary before the world will know what peace is. What must be driven out of the world is the American spirit and its two essential attributes, the religion of credit and the myth of production.

WHATEVER discussions may follow, whatever decisions may be made, whether Congress ratifies or fails to ratify the Hoover moratorium, one thing remains constant. Internal necessity governs all the characters in this drama, from the United States to Germany and France, from Hungary to Rumania. All of them, directly or indirectly, voluntarily or by force, obey the same system, which is instigated by some and submitted to by others.

The leading character, the United States, has taken a certain initiative because of its national banking structure. The victim of its own creation, America is not acting independently but is impelled by a negative principle that works toward no positive end. As in every human tragedy, the drama here is essentially interior. The *danse macabre* in which America leads the other nations is not a voluntary movement; it is the desperate effort of a vast, sick body to shake off a corroding disease. Sometimes America turns to the outer world to seek a remedy and sometimes it retires to solitude, in the hope of finding rest at home. But all efforts are in vain. The gestures become more and more hurried, and the contagion

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spreads rapidly to other nations. This world solidarity that everyone shouts about is simply a solidarity of fever, leprosy, and prison cells.

There is no other way to explain Hoover's proposal. It was immediately necessary, not only to save Germany but to organize world markets before Russia is economically restored. Almost all American industries are suffering, and the past few months have been very discouraging. There is incessant talk of cutting salaries and lowering dividends. To quote only one instance, steel production fell in April from fifty-five per cent of capacity to forty-eight per cent. On the other hand, the gold reserves of the United States are beating all records and have attained the figure of $4,721,000,000. This gold imposes but one solution, in spite of what the Middle West and West may think, and that is the industrial and financial colonization of Europe. Obviously there is no spontaneous desire for colonization. Like other invasions, this one is the outcome of fear. It was through fear that Hoover failed to veto the Hawley–Smoot tariff. It was through fear that he treated France so flippantly that Edouard Herriot nearly exploded.

Nor is this fear without foundation. Behind each Yankee change, behind each theatrical stunt that the American government resorts to in order to disconcert its European satellites, a real crisis exists, chiefly agricultural. Agriculture, with its irrational, invincible harvests, is a kind of Achilles' heel through which American financiers can be wounded in spite of their credit organizations and the perfection of their banking structure. In 1929 a disastrous harvest caused the first Wall Street crash and the Hawley–Smoot tariff. In 1931 Hoover's moratorium immediately followed the failure of the London wheat conference held in May. On both occasions agriculture, a concrete activity subject to the realities of soil and weather, mocked the abstractions of politicians and bankers.

This wheat conference, whose bearing on the Hoover offer has not been sufficiently noticed, was supposed to conciliate the interests of all the wheat producing nations, notably Canada, the United States, Central Europe, France, and Russia. Everyone knows that it ended in complete failure as the result of the American torpedo fired on the first day. While the other delegates, especially those from Russia and Central Europe, were attempting to set up as a principle the limitation of exports as the only means of avoiding a real economic wheat war, the United States delegate persisted in his first position, international restriction of production without relation to exports. This hypocritical position, which seemed fair on the surface, actually tended to strengthen the present position and to facilitate the disposition of surplus stocks. To appreciate its real value we need only remember that for ten years the United States has applied the same mysticism of production and the same religion of credit to its agriculture that it has to its industry, with the result that agriculture has been overdeveloped.

Within five years the number of tractors has doubled and specialization in certain districts has annihilated the little individual farmer. Farming corporations in the United States correspond to the collective farms in Russia. The drop in the price of wheat due to overproduction caused the Farm Board to be created on June 5, 1929, as a central organization with the duty of organizing the coöperative sale of American agricultural products. A credit of $500,000,000 was put at its disposal, but since the American religion forbids selling at a loss the Board also created a corporation to stabilize grain prices, which it did by acquiring stocks of grain through using its own

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credit. Before this year's harvest the Farm Board possessed nearly two hundred million bushels of wheat.

To sum matters up without going into statistical detail, recent years have witnessed a Yankee effort to rationalize agriculture similar to the one made long ago to organize industry. The same methods were employed, bankers' credits and specialization, and the consequences have been the same, overproduction and the vital necessity to find markets in Europe.

Thus we understand why America could not accept the principle of limiting exports even if she had wanted to. Just as she is compelled to colonize Europe industrially, cost what it may, so, in respect to agriculture, she is obliged to wage an unceasing war on her competitors, otherwise her stock will remain on her hands and all her farms will be ruined. Like two-faced Janus, she shows a peaceful or a warlike mask depending on circumstances, and often she displays both at the same time. Is this a contradiction? Perhaps, from a European point of view, since some of us in Europe have not yet resigned ourselves to considering war and peace in purely economic terms, but certainly not from a purely American angle. For whether peace comes, or war, the present American standard of living must be preserved, which means not only material well-being but moral fibre. Will it be war or peace? It is purely a question of opportunism; both solutions are equally possible. This is what Hoover's humanitarian pretensions are reduced to. This is the foundation for all the Messianic trimmings that Yankee civilization loves to use as decorations for its balance sheets and official reports.

The same explanation reveals what an absurd situation all European governments occupy which take as gospel truth the various messages of the Yankees and which believe that America's humane preoccupations are not only sincere but real. This is indeed a surprising belief and will undoubtedly go on living a long time. For every European state, having caught the Yankee spirit, is becoming a diminutive America to such a degree that they will all suffer from the obligations inherent in the system.

Two bonds unite the various actors in the drama. There is the external bond due to the excess power and credit that have spread from America to war-weary Europe, where they act like alcohol on a tired organism, and there is the psychological contagion affecting the fields of economic and financial activity. The three countries in which this contagion operates most strangely are Germany, Russia, and France. Let us examine Germany, which certainly presents the most terrible spectacle of the three.

Future generations will be astonished to see how promptly post-war Germany invented the super-Americanism from which it is dying to-day. Of course the foolish peace treaties and the disastrous inflation prepared the ground, but nothing led us to suppose that Germany would become in two years the European citadel of American scientific management.

German rationalization, like Russian rationalization, was put over quickly by a very few men all animated by one idea. First financial rationalization, then industrial rationalization. A blind policy of borrowing handed Germany over to the worst enemies of spiritual culture. It was not an experiment, it was a conversion. The heroic spirit of Germany, disillusioned by its sinister imperial adventure, barely escaping revolution immediately after a disastrous war, suffering from economic misery, tried to save itself by risking everything on a great new dream.

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Tearing herself loose from the false prophets of the Orient, Germany threw herself with magnificent enthusiasm into a new national plan, sacrificing the present to the future, basing her aspirations on a pure credit policy and a super-Fordist production policy. Never had buying power been extended with such audacity, not even in America. And, though the methods in the two countries may seem alike, the motives were different. In America it was pragmatic inspiration and the religion of material well-being. In Germany it was a disciplined but mystical impulse toward grandeur. The most powerful spiritual force in the world was brutally put in the service of the most rigid kind of materialism. Never was it more clearly revealed that materialism, even in its most practical aspects, remains a kind of inverted idealism.

This helps us to understand how much profound irrationality there is in German rationalization. It surpasses American rationalization, which at least was based on historical, geographical, and economic realities. But German rationalization, lacking an immense domestic market, lacking unlimited reserves of raw materials and virgin territory, yet based on the American model, has suddenly revealed all the vices of the system in magnified form. Unemployment and political instability appear in the particularly dangerous forms they assume on rationalized soil.

But this time it is impossible to find a national remedy in anything short of revolution. Clinging to his last dream, the German rationalizer, not trying to understand the profound origin of his disease, wants to throw all his responsibility on his former enemies, especially on France, which is undergoing another form of the same delirium and is even feeling the same American oppression. One of the most cruel mistakes in the modern world is that Germany, which is suffering chiefly from a spiritual disease, has aggravated this disease by delivering itself over to the vampires of international banking, especially Yankee banking.

LESS strange but perhaps more irritating, especially to the French, is the long-standing official policy of France. Its general direction and intimate details were revealed during the discussions of the Hoover Plan, and the veil that was patiently woven to the rhythm of Locarno eloquence is now torn asunder. The explosions of childish chauvinism in which some of our most famous pacifists have indulged are due to the bright light that has disturbed their dreams. It is not so much the Hoover proposal that they found inacceptable as the way they were surprised. For the first time, the rigidity and brutality of the American system were revealed in the light of day. It was like the sudden appearance of a German cruiser at Agadir in 1911, though Hoover had a better excuse than William II had for invoking a necessity of which he was simply the tool.

We have shown elsewhere how, since the time of Wilson, French policy has precariously kept alive each new American creation after it has been abandoned by America itself. The League of Nations, the Dawes Plan, and the Young Plan have been successively repudiated by the United States. But the French Government always kept the American bastard alive and finally adopted and cherished the child, defending it not only against its fickle father but against world opinion. What happened two years ago to the Dawes Plan is happening bit by bit to the Young Plan, which France champions against all the world. No doubt the same fate will overtake the Hoover Plan when the United States has reached a more advanced stage of its

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cancer and has renounced the present provisional and insufficient palliative.

The ludicrous attitude of France is apparently due to our desire to save some reparations. The truth, however, is that the French Government has been drawn into the American orbit and gravitates there, completely unconscious of Yankee psychology. Always one step behind, always ill-humored in spite of the advice of Tardieu, the growling Frenchman advances courageously on the Calvary of prosperity, with a confidence in his guide that neither fatigue nor the contradictions between conflicting orders can diminish.

But we should not be appreciating the French attitude at its true value if we simply compared it to that of a soldier following his leader. The French Government, as the repository of various contracts that America, its business agent, has made it sign without signing them itself, serves as the conscience for a nation to which such a thing is either superfluous or merely a mask. The French virtues of clarity and honesty seem to be working in behalf of each old, abandoned, outmoded American policy. Every time that America creates a new dream to distract the world from its cares and sorrows, France must play the ungrateful rôle of reading over to the dreamer the stenographic report of his previous fancy. It is not, as she at once points out, that she does not appreciate the beauty of the new project, but that, as she adds by way of excuse, she must report all progress so far made. Since this is usually nothing more than a matter of form, the Anglo-Saxon nations only shrug their shoulders and smile at the French mania for order. Thus France, with everything to lose, wins the idiotic reward of obtaining nothing for herself, while at the same time seeming ridiculous to some and odious to others.

For in most cases she does obtain nothing. Moreover, out of respect for the Yankee promise of yesterday she accepts the new terms and takes the loss. The important thing is not whether France loses by the new plan. She is used to such things. The question is whether this loss will make her still more of a vassal to America. All her tactical skill, all her Machiavellian statesmanship can win for France only a few proud hours, thanks to her temporary monetary prosperity, and she will have to pay dear for this period. The hole made in the French budget at a time when France is slowly entering the economic crisis will naturally propel the country a little further toward America. Prosperity, Wall Street's daughter, will come and visit us in our misery, and, like the great doctor in Molière, she will make us sicker than ever. It is she, aided by the Federal Reserve System and the whole arsenal of American banking, who will save France, which will by then have definitely become an American colony.

No matter, say serious people, the important thing is to prevent war, and the Hoover Plan is going to strangle Hitlerism and has already converted Mussolini to disarmament. Everything else is unimportant. We do not yet know whether the future will cruelly disappoint such optimistic prophets. But no matter how the situation develops, whether a super-Hoover plan or some other expedient succeeds in checking European catastrophe once more, every country afflicted with the American cancer has recently shown symptoms of the approaching war.

In the United States we see the war of wheat, the protective tariff, the refusal to coöperate with Europe in limiting wheat exports and thus to check an economic war that is the necessary prelude to military war. In France public opinion and the Laval ministry react chauvinistically to

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the brutality of America's demands, though the bellicose effects of this reaction have been softened by semi-diplomatic and semi-financial conversations. We must cleverly yield no more than is necessary in order to avoid a break. But now, as in 1913, we are considering the possibility of a break, and the last time we were in this position a break finally occurred. Are we simply drawing back in order to leap further forward?

In Germany public opinion and the Brüning Cabinet have reacted chauvinistically to the brutality of French demands, which play the same offensive rôle in Germany that the demands of America play in France. It is the same old story of needing a weaker power than one's self on which to indulge one's own weaknesses. Everywhere the Yankee spirit is spreading contagiously. Wherever America insists on setting up an abstract régime of prosperity the same danger of war exists.

America would be quite justified in saying, 'We did not want this'; for in reality she wants neither peace nor war. But the question to-day is not whether we want peace or war but whether we are able to want anything, seized as we are by an all-powerful mechanism. Determinism or liberty? The problem expresses itself in political terms.

The ultimate aim of the United States, in Europe as in America, is to prevent the destruction of the myth of capitalist production, in other words, to prevent the explosion of revolutionary psychology. Since the United States is leading the capitalistic dance to-day, everything that blocks its activities must be shattered, by corruption if possible or by force if necessary. The reactions of the French and German Governments to exigencies that are American in form and origin indicate that other reactions will sooner or later unleash the war or wars made necessary by the present processes.

The conscience of an epoch cannot be submitted to inhuman necessities. When similar fatal necessities are at work in an individual, their destructive mechanism leads to one solution, death. It is not the same with society. Humanity cannot die or commit suicide. But it can pass through crises in which all its moral and spiritual values will be baffled and destroyed. These crises are approaching, if they are not already here.

Against the American spirit, that cancer of the modern world, there is to-day but one remedy. Not to be swallowed up by materialistic and financial determinism, we must attack and destroy the myth of production. Our first duty is to awaken a new revolutionary spirit.

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Two new books, one by the authors of the preceding article, reveal symptoms of decay in France and suggest that the present attitude of that nation may express fear rather than confidence.

FRANCE *in* Decay

By ROBERT BOURGET-PAILLERON

Translated from *L'Opinion*
Paris Topical Weekly

WE ARE living at a time when people want to destroy a great deal and build up even more. The two activities are inseparable. Everyone who pretends to reflect at all about what our contemporaries are doing and who compares it with what was done in the past is struck by the fact that social values are becoming more and more subordinate to questions of fashion. Whether we consider this phenomenon from the political or the intellectual point of view, the result is the same. Several popular catchwords testify that this condition exists and 'decadence' is the most popular one at the moment, decadence of mind, taste, and morality. This affectation of pessimism is certainly not genuine, for it seems to conceal a secret hope of a renaissance.

Such, at any rate, is the significance that should be attached to the word 'decadence' as it is used by writers of the quality of M. Daniel Halévy. His latest book, *Décadence de la liberté*, is a group of studies in French politics from the foundation of the Third Republic to our own time. In a previous book, *La Fin des notables*, M. Halévy has already supported a thesis of which he is very fond and which seems to us quite correct. It is that since the fall of Thiers and his successor, Broglie, we have had no political notables. The claim might be put forward that Gambetta, the leader of the radical school, was the last notable and that those who followed him in power broke the tradition. Anyway, from his time on, there has been no such thing as a great personal policy. No leader has felt any sense of moral responsibility nor has he been convinced of the grandeur of his mission. The exercise of power has become a simple play of formulæ and compromises. Ministers must merely know how to manipulate parliaments. There is no more need for statesmen.

Do we need to go over the names of the prime ministers, and of the presidents who have succeeded each other at the Élysée Palace? There are too many of them. And this very fact is itself an accusation. The sordid kind of struggle in which they are engaged gives no opportunity for

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skill or power. And anyone who enters it must resign himself to sinking to the common level.

But let us turn away from the purely political aspect of this situation, since it distracts us from the real subject of this article, and judge the whole phenomenon from the point of view of ideas. Let us follow M. Halévy, for his proof is striking. Since about the year 1875 French policy has tended to become a *métier* followed professionally by six hundred Frenchmen in the Chamber and three hundred in the Senate. The word '*métier*' connotes specialization and partial ignorance of related activities. Now toward the end of the nineteenth century several important currents of ideas appeared. On the right was the new conservatism of Taine and his disciples, Vogüé and Paul Bourget. On the left were the Socialist doctrines of Jaurès and Jules Guesde. But no echo of them was heard in Parliament.

The objection will be raised that the Socialists now play an important part in Parliament, but the answer is that they do so only because they have submitted to the rules of the parliamentary game, thus abandoning many of their doctrines. They have captured the electorate by the demagogy to which their programme lends itself, not by the programme itself. When the best young men in France were Socialists, Socialism played no part in Parliament. And, to tell the whole truth, there are far fewer Socialists in our intellectual public nowadays than there used to be. Yet this has not prevented voters who care no more about Karl Marx than they do about the future of Patagonia from sending more than a hundred Socialists to the Chamber of Deputies at the last election.

To show the complete divorce between the country and its representatives in Parliament, M. Halévy refers to election returns. Every four years the people are consulted. What do we see? Almost always the same thing. If we except the Boulangist experiment, an 'attack of fever' that did not last, we see between 1877 and 1914 the same fight between conservatives and radicals, with the gains of one party or another varying in insignificant proportions from session to session. Yet great events occurred, colonial wars and antireligious persecutions. Great scandals were revealed, the Panama scandal and the Dreyfus affair. After Panama, as before, elections took place along the usual lines, with the new radical element being opposed by the old *élite*, who were, of course, defeated. After the Dreyfus affair all parties by common consent eliminated this political issue from their programmes, whereupon the moderates gained fourteen seats while the extreme left lost thirteen. Although the affair had split the country into two camps and divided the whole thought of France profoundly, it had no influence on parliamentary elections.

When we think this over it is not astonishing. Such scandals hardly touch the public as a whole. They interest only the conscience and mind of a minority. But this minority is the group that speaks, writes, and perpetuates the intellectual life of any country. It is just too bad that its activity, on account of the law of numbers, does not affect Parliament.

THESE facts bear upon the decadence of liberty that M. Halévy emphasizes. But he does not mean individual liberty, which he does not think is seriously threatened. He is more concerned about the liberty of social functions, the political function being the most important. It is in Parliament that liberty is beginning to die. M. Halévy has observed that the deputies have become special pleaders rather than parliamentarians. 'Their chief

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care is to satisfy the individual requests that the postman brings them each morning in great numbers. Every week they go back and listen to the voters.'

Above all they are subservient to the party which, having elected them, forces them to vote as a block on every important issue. The individual is nothing more than a number. Such enslavement is apparently the outgrowth of the complex interests that are at loggerheads throughout the country and that all want to find defenders in Parliament.

Only the naïve are still astonished that a deputy should be subject to the militant element in his party, or to the agriculturists of the South or the industrialists of the North. Time was when a candidate was elected to defend his own ideas. To-day he has renounced ideas. He is not asked to carry out his own programme, but only to understand what the voters want. In the Chamber he is their source of power; at home he is their clerk. Such is the decadence of liberty.

The same thing is even more true of the press. Let us compare, as M. Halévy does, a political newspaper of thirty or forty years ago with a modern journal of information. In the former we find doctrinal articles, political studies, complete reports of parliamentary debates, and miscellanies. To-day none of these things remain. What good are doctrinal articles when there are no doctrines any more? What good are complete reports of parliamentary debates when only the results are important and when only gamblers on the stock exchange are interested? What good are miscellanies which nobody reads?

Here we touch on the explanation of the phenomenon. Modern newspapers are made for people who do not read. The so-called readers are kept in their present state of debility by being provided with news that they can easily grasp at once, with crimes, gossip, and descriptions of sporting events. Anything that has to do with real information, anything that is of importance to the life of the country is closely censored, either by the government or by the industrial groups that hand out publicity. Such are our free newspapers, read by a public that is free—free to buy or not to buy.

Are n't we face to face here with a psychological law that might be formulated as follows? As soon as material progress of any kind favors the expansion of thought, the powers that be must assure themselves of its control. M. Halévy gives two more examples in support of this thesis, the cinema and the radio. He says that the film manufacturers themselves were the ones who demanded censorship for their new industry. They had a confused premonition of the danger of spreading ideas through pictures and believed that they could work more peacefully if the state would set its seal of approval on their product. As for radio, if it were not closely supervised how easily and quickly it could become the unconscious instrument of a thousand different kinds of propaganda.

Thus by a malicious element in his own nature man loses on the one hand the freedom that he gains on the other. By creating new methods of communicating with his fellows he believes that he has won his independence. But as soon as these conquests are made they are compromised. There is only one kind of free thought, the kind that is expressed in a cellar for the sole benefit of a small group. Depend on the wireless waves or the rotary presses of a big newspaper and your ideas will be slashed and diluted. One must submit to many restrictions in order to gain the right to reach the masses. I don't claim that this is always a misfortune, but let us admit it as a fact that may remove

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some of our illusions about the progress we are making.

WE cannot drop this question of decadence without mentioning another book in which many of M. Halévy's ideas appear. But in this case the authors have produced more explosive effects. They are concerned not only with the decadence of liberty but with the decadence of the whole French nation. That is the postulate of MM. Robert Aron and Arnaud Dandieu. And in this spirit they have issued a kind of manifesto that attacks the bourgeois spirit,—the modern form of nationalism, and in a general way all the present policies of France and of other countries. This is no small subject.

According to MM. Aron and Dandieu the French nation is decadent because it has lost the taste for great policies. France is taking an attitude of defeat before the world. She is drawing back within herself, counting up her assets and arranging them. Before foreign nations she is concerned only with keeping the appearance of a 'good pupil or a conscientious cashier.' If this statement is true, as certain indications lead us to believe, we must first seek the material reasons for such a fact, for I do not believe that a nation loses the taste for grandeur without first having lost the means of attaining it. Our two authors lay the blame on the drop in population, and on this point they seem to be correct. But even this is only a secondary cause. Going back over the course of history, we believe with them that the great period of depression following the wars of the First Empire had a great deal to do with this decline of French will power. A nation bled so white and abased by Europe as France was at the Congress of Vienna loses confidence in its destiny. Clever as the policies of Louis XVIII were, he could only compromise. But at this point I believe our authors have made a mistake. Wanting to make their reasoning seem more profound, they limit its sphere and insist on a thesis that destroys the further development of their work.

According to them, Napoleon I betrayed the revolution. All right, this has been said before and does not impress us much. Political treason of this kind is important only when national interests are betrayed as well as doctrines, and this is precisely what MM. Aron and Dandieu proclaim. According to them, all our misfortunes date from that time. Napoleon shattered the formula of health and happiness that revolutionary individualism had created. From that time forth the French nation has been undergoing a decline that it has never been able to check.

The present organization of nations on a collective economic basis, the rise of a great social body that enslaves the individual for the benefit of the anonymous community, triumphant trusts, international industries that generate war—all these things would not exist if we had been able to preserve the individualism of our fathers. The French nation is going to destruction by copying American equipment. The policy that makes France one cell in the League of Nations is betraying our ancestral rights. M. Poincaré, by accepting the Young Plan and yielding to economic pressure, betrayed a nationalism that he had always pretended to represent.

It might be said in reply that, whether or not the complaints of MM. Aron and Dandieu are sound, they are not pointed in the right direction. The quarrel is not with France but with all modern society. It is an important question whether the close dependence of all modern states on economic interests is not more dangerous to peace than

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the dynastic rivalries of the past. The complaint that might be lodged against France on this score is that she has not taken the lead in any movement but that she has passively followed a current of ideas that is now flowing through the world. But, if we had remained true to that revolutionary individualism which MM. Aron and Dandieu regret that we abandoned, would n't we be accused by other nations of showing an even more backward and isolated spirit than we are showing at present?

Moreover, the virtue that the authors assign to the doctrines of the French Revolution prevents them from understanding some important aspects of it that contradict their thesis. When they affirm that the nation, as our contemporaries know it to-day, is nothing but an instrument of conquest, and when they pretend to contrast this with the nation as it existed in 1793, they are mistaken. Imperialism flourished nobly in revolutionary days. Although it was more philosophical than the imperialism of modern states, it had its prophets and its soldiers none the less. Our 'great ancestors' wanted to conquer Europe in order to win it over to the revolutionary faith. Remember Danton's speech urging the invasion of Holland. These are realities that we must not ignore.

To sum matters up, the work of MM. Aron and Dandieu presents several interesting points of view. The authors argue with undeniable eloquence, but their thesis would have been more effective if it had been enlarged. They might thus have found a subject with a vaster perspective than the one they have treated. Their little book is full of ideas that are coming into being and beginning to circulate. No more just praise could be given the authors than to discuss those ideas in this light.

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Two German correspondents in Rome discuss, respectively, the Franco-Italian conflict and the efforts of Mussolini to organize an educational system that will make Italy safe for Fascism.

Fascism *at* Home *and* Abroad

By Two Rome Correspondents

I. France against Italy

By a Rome Correspondent

Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, Cologne Conservative Daily

In spite of Germany's false reckoning on Franco-Italian rivalry before the War, belief in this rivalry has remained almost a dogma in our political literature, especially since the rise of Fascism. We still discuss the Nice and Savoy question as if these French-speaking districts situated beyond the boundaries set for Italy by God and nature were considered as *Italia irredenta* by the Italians. We are even more interested in the question of Corsica, which commands naval communications between upper Italy and the rest of the peninsula. But Corsica is not so much of an issue in the Italian press to-day as Trieste was before the War.

The Italians have also renounced all ambitions in Algeria and Morocco, and Tangier has become simply a matter of prestige. We still believe that Italy's ambitions in Tunis caused her to enter the Triple Alliance, though actually it was the Roman question, which became acute after Leo XIII was made pope and threatened Italy in her own capital, thus throwing her into the arms of Germany. The French occupation of Tunis in 1878, after Bismarck had vainly offered it to Italy, and the treacherous way in which this occupation was achieved were the last straws. The only reason that any Tunis question exists to-day is because the French at the end of the War ignored their guarantee to respect Italian nationality in Tunis and have been pushing a relentless, successful denationalization policy at the expense of Italy, just as England has done in Malta.

The dream of a colonial Italian empire extending from Tripolitania to Cameroon, with a great trans-Saharan railroad running across it, exists only in the heads of certain Italian colonial politicians and the foremost expert on this region, General Graziani, has

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branded it as fantastic and senseless. Italy has also abandoned her claims to Abyssinia and only wants to preserve a little influence of her own because of the dominating position of France. Mussolini has said that he would refuse a mandate over Syria even if it were given to him, since it would not only put Italy at odds with the Arabs but would also antagonize the Turks, with whom Italy wants to live in peace.

An expansionist Italian policy in the Mediterranean is opposed not only by the superior power of France but even more by the British, who can tolerate no disturbance of the balance of power, because of their communications with India. In other words, parity between France and Italy gives Britain control over the Mediterranean. Italy's occupation of Rhodes and the Dodecanese was frowned upon by England, which still refuses to recognize this annexation. As long as English preponderance in the Mediterranean continues, any expansionist policy on the part of Italy is doomed.

Moreover, Italy's character makes her more interested in Continental than in Mediterranean policy. Geographically Italy is separated only by the Adriatic from the Danube and Balkan countries and, in a certain sense, it is one of them. Italian history was not affected by the Roman tendency toward the West so much as by the Venetian tendency toward the Adriatic and the Eastern Mediterranean. Economically as well as politically, northern Italy, where industry and agriculture are most developed, is the most important part of the country, and this part looks toward the Adriatic, toward the Danube, toward the Balkans and the Near and Far East. All of it, with the exception of Piedmont, wanted to enter the War against the Central Powers in order to expel them from the Adriatic and the Far East, although if Italy had taken the other side Anglo-French dominance in the Mediterranean would probably have been broken. But Italy wanted to control all the outlets of Central Europe on the Adriatic. The Danube and Balkan countries, after the fall of the Habsburg monarchy, were to be reduced to little independent states which would not threaten Italy with any political or military danger and would easily fall under Italian economic influence.

But French policy has destroyed all these plans. All hopes of redeeming Dalmatia and turning the Adriatic into an Italian lake were abandoned long ago. Italy had to content herself, after considerable difficulty, with gaining Fiume, which would have ruined Trieste had it remained in Yugoslavian hands. Instead of separate Slovene, Croatian, Montenegrin and Serbian nations, a single Yugoslavian state has been built with the aid of the French under the dictatorship of Serbia. In place of the Habsburg monarchy France has created the Little Entente, which is armed to the teeth and includes almost as many inhabitants as former Austria-Hungary. Not satisfied with all this, France is also trying to rally all the Danube and Balkan countries together with the slogan, 'peasant democracy,' uniting them into a great alliance in which France shall be the leading financial, political, and military power. French policy in Eastern Europe, which has robbed Italy of her reward for having taken part in the War, represents the real essence of Franco-Italian rivalry.

THE conflict will be decided in the Danube and Balkan countries. All other places are of secondary importance. Hungary and Albania are the points at which hostilities with Yugoslavia, and therefore with France, are most likely to occur. Italy has therefore taken a clever offensive in favor of pacifism.

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It has been wonderfully astute in identifying its own purposes with those of Europe and in opposing the reactionary, so-called 'pacifistic,' system of France, which is concerned solely with maintaining the Versailles Treaty. Italy champions a living, progressive policy that will further the development of Europe and respect the fundamentals of international justice. If Italy advocates revising the territorial provisions of the Versailles Treaty, she does so chiefly because Hungary, Albania, and Bulgaria would gain at the expense of the Allies of France. If Italy advocates wiping out reparations, she does so chiefly because reparations provide France and Yugoslavia with most of the money they need for their tremendous armaments. And, if Italy has aligned herself with the nations that favor disarmament, she has done so because disarmament would undermine the position of France with her allies, which are held together only through their armies and, in the case of Yugoslavia, only through a military dictatorship.

No one can deny that these efforts also advance the ideal of justice and peace in Europe. Italy has won the sympathy of all progressive, cultured peoples because of the way she has combined idealism and realism. Through peaceful competition Italy hopes to surpass France eventually, because her population is increasing at the rate of five hundred thousand a year and because her agriculture, industry, and commerce are steadily improving.

But since Italian policy is aimed toward Constantinople and southeastern Europe, there exists a latent conflict with Germany as well as the acute conflict with France. Italy's fear of the so-called pan-German urge toward Trieste, the 'Hamburg of the Adriatic,' and toward the Near East is temporarily overshadowed by her more immediate fear of France and Yugoslavia, but it comes to the surface as soon as Germany takes a step forward, as happened in the case of the Austrian customs union. This episode suddenly pushed the other conflict into the background, and Italy joined France and Yugoslavia in presenting a united front on the Austrian question. This attitude on the part of Italy, which was clearly expressed in Scialoja's unhappy speech before the World Court, should be a lesson and a warning to all Germans who are reckoning on an insoluble Franco-Italian conflict in the Mediterranean. To Italy the Austrian question is much more important than all the Mediterranean questions put together. It has put a mortgage on Austria which cannot be lifted for the time being because of Italy's fears in relation to Trieste and in relation to German penetration of southeastern Europe through Austria. The situation can be changed only if confidential relations are established between Italy and Germany.

The Italians know from their own past that the urge to national unity eventually overcomes all obstacles, and they recognize that a sickly state with no will to live cannot be kept going indefinitely by costly financial aid from abroad. But before Italy agrees to a union between Austria and Germany two requests must be granted. First, Germany must grant Italian agricultural products preference over those of Spain. Secondly, Germany's eastward expansion must stop at the Leitha and the *Drang nach Osten* must be abandoned. Italy has no objections if Germany expands to the northeast, but Italy will not share southeastern Europe. Here lies the real and concrete basis on which an agreement between Italy and Germany must be built. On account of the Adriatic question, which includes the south European question, Italy entered the War, but the War proved no solution in spite of all the sacrifices involved. Until Italy achieves a solution, Franco-Italian Mediterra-

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nean rivalry can never come to a head.

On the subject of the Versailles Treaty the *Popolo d'Italia*, Arnaldo Mussolini's paper, has expressed itself as follows:—

'Germany was laid low and reduced to despair. The economic, financial, and moral crisis that this great nation is undergoing is unprecedented and alarming. No one believes that a nation in such straits represents a great danger of more war. Austria was annihilated, except as a tiny nation with a top-heavy capital that used to serve an empire of fifty million people and that has no possibility of surviving to-day, what with disorder at home and beggary abroad. A great Polish nation of more than thirty millions was created, but was based on no independent economic system. Polish industries that sold virtually all their goods to Russia before the War are to-day unable to compete with the Germans. France has become rich as a result of its accumulated property, but it is an artificial wealth that exists only because the population does not increase. The wealth of France is significant in the world economic system because France represents a blind, avaricious power dominated by an imperialistic dream of supremacy that can be realized only by new wars.'

II. Children of Fascism

By Johannes P. Freden

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THE CHILD ARMY of Fascism is growing steadily in strength and numbers, but the Pope's opposition is also increasing proportionately. He utters warnings so sharp that they could be delivered only under the protection of his own flag, warnings such as a mediæval pope used to hurl at an antipope. Indeed, as one watches the legions of children parade through the streets on a Sunday, wearing black shirts and accompanied by flags and music, the spectacle looks like a new children's crusade. Has not some pope laid his blessing upon them and marked out the way that they should follow?

Indeed he has, but it is the pope of the new high church of nationalism, who is also, it seems, an antipope. For this man does not allow even the Catholic Church to influence the souls of the children. The Catholic organizations of young people were growing too powerful. When the Catholic Action group had enlisted a total of eight hundred thousand followers, rivaling the size of the Fascist Party itself, it was no longer allowed to flourish independently of the state. For the state demands all power over the souls of Italy's children and preaches its unique omnipotence over all other groups.

When Pope Pius XI protested against the dissolution of the clubs of young Catholics and asked how girls between the ages of six and fourteen could be concerned with politics, he was told that children from six to fourteen could be politically useful. Fascism already recognizes this as a fact that has been tested in practice. Its army of children is the proof of its theory, for it is a purely political creation, a creation of immense political significance, valuable, necessary, and always to be carefully guarded.

A strongly organized youthful army of nearly two million has been formed consisting mostly of children. The boys' legions are known as the 'Balilla,' the girls' as the 'Piccole Italiane.' The word 'Balilla,' which has become so impor-

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tant, is the nickname of a little Genoese hero who gave evidence of youthful courage by revolting actively against Austria. The Balilla is made up of boys between the ages of eight and fourteen, and in recent weeks 270,000 boys between six and eight have been added to the organization. In 1927 it had 490,000 members; now it has 780,000. The Piccole Italiane contains 608,000 little Italian girls of the same age as the boys in the Balilla. There is also an Advance Guard for boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. This has a membership of 255,000. An organization for girls of corresponding age has only 74,000 members. The small size of this last group is due to the psychological characteristics of the female sex in Italy. However, active propaganda is being pushed forward to attract more feminine support. Also the boys and girls are educated separately. Young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one must now undergo compulsory military service without exception, and a whole chapter could be written on the subject of the militarizing influence that the Balilla has exerted upon young people.

THE Balilla is voluntary. Many Italians believe that the policy of recruiting an army of children is an attack on the family, but these are non-Fascisti who seem to be siding with the Pope in the matter. It must be admitted that the Balilla is made very attractive to the children. No expense is spared, no material sacrifice is avoided in pushing through this 'national work,' as it is officially called. The minister of education is directly in charge of it.

The Balilla is essentially a military, athletic, educational organization, but its real function is to provide young people with education in the broadest sense. It is by no means confined to promoting physical perfection or to preparing future soldiers. It does something much more important. It impresses a profound mental and spiritual stamp on the younger generation, and that is why girls are included. From earliest childhood they are removed from the powerful influences of home and Church in which they were formerly reared and are brought up on purely Fascist ideas and conceptions. The whole process is very much like growing up in the hierarchical world of the Church, but it is a different church from the Roman Catholic Church. It is the church of nationalism.

Fascist education extends into every field, but it always stresses intellectual uniformity. That is its strong point. Soldierly virtues, especially manliness and the ideal of self-sacrifice, are preached and practised, though religious sensitiveness is also cultivated, and each legion has its own chaplain. There are 927 children's communes containing libraries, clubs, and cultural courses. Last year alone 27,679 lectures were delivered. There were also 1,261 music courses and more than five hundred concerts. Many efforts, including numerous pamphlets and a monthly publication, are being made to set a new intellectual stamp on the children. There is no community that lacks its Balilla movie, and most of the films are produced by the national film institute, known as 'Luce.' Anyone with intellectual or other particular talents who lacks means can prepare for and attend a university or an academy of music or painting at the expense of this organization.

Military and athletic instruction is also given, for all children like to play at being soldiers. But from earliest youth this play is entered into seriously. Children between the ages of eight and fourteen receive military training in many thousands of legions. Of course their drill is not very strenuous, but they learn to shoot early in life, much

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too early. The members of the Advance Guard, who range from fourteen to eighteen, receive real military drill, and even during this period thousands begin to specialize.

This business of playing soldier has well-recognized psychological results. The minds of the children, with their natural desire for adventure, movement, and active play, are cleverly insnared; for such huge organizations could never succeed if their members entered them reluctantly. Activities are by no means confined to soldiering. Nor do the children spend all their time studying. They go on expeditions to the mountains and the seacoast and they travel virtually free of charge to such distant places as the Italian colonies or the Near East.

The essence of this whole system is to capture the fancy of the masses as well as of the children. No wonder children are joining these legions by the tens of thousands, even against their parents' wishes. A poor child who hears about all these things from his friends is at once given a uniform and is taken free on expeditions and provided with all kinds of educational and recreational opportunities. A child of well-to-do parents—and children nowadays are more concerned about the future than ever before—can find no better career than in the ranks of the Balilla.

Mussolini has said that the whole future of Fascism depends on this army of children. He is quite right. The future will show whether a younger generation educated according to a law that has been stamped upon it will remain true to the doctrines that have been implanted in it or whether it will undergo an intellectual and spiritual reaction simply because it was educated in such a special way. Change comes from opposition, from antithesis. That is a fundamental psychological law.

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Persons and Personages

Ambassador François-Poncet

Translated from *Je Suis Partout*, Paris Topical Weekly

M. ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS-PONCET is a lucky man. By that we mean not only that he is enchanted to be French ambassador at Berlin, but that life seems determined to smile on him perpetually.

Yet he himself rarely smiles. His forehead does not bear the mark of good luck under which he was evidently born. His features, agreeable in spite of this fact, are lined by some mysterious discontent or anxiety. What he says is always serious, and he grows bitter as soon as people disagree with him. Contradiction at first astonishes, then antagonizes him. The tone of his reply changes. A perfect education prevents him from being violent or rude, but what severity there is in his eyes, what stiffness in his attitude. His statements are trenchant and peremptory. One has the impression of receiving a lecture and an order at the same time. This is because M. André François-Poncet is both a professor and an officer.

His family, which is good, rich middle class, made him pursue advanced studies, but one can't help feeling that he would have pursued them any way, even if he had not been forced to do so. At the age of four our new ambassador knew how to read and attended the grammar school in the little town of Meaux, where his father was a magistrate. Then, as to-day, he was industrious and conscientious, serious and tormented. His father determined his career, no doubt involuntarily, by sending him to Offenburg to study before he received his bachelor's degree. In this little town in the Grand-Duchy of Baden, young André attended the gymnasium and developed a taste for German literature. While studying in France later he was among the leading pupils at the École normale and the best of all in German. Even then he constantly frequented the universities and literary circles across the Rhine.

After a short period at the Montpellier Lycée he published a study on Goethe's *Elective Affinities* showing erudition and keen observation. When the War began he was preparing a study on the classical German novel and teaching at the Polytechnic School. He served two years at the front with the infantry and then his special talents were put at the disposition of M. Haguenin in Bern. As a member of the information service M. André François-Poncet was in a position to follow closely the events that preceded and accompanied the military and political collapse of the Central Empires.

After the War he was sent to the Rhineland and then to Berlin. Germany was in a state of complete social collapse and economic anarchy. The ex-humanist officer took a lively interest in questions with which he had been utterly unfamiliar only a few months before, with the result that

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as soon as he returned to civilian life he abandoned teaching, turned his back on Goethe, and supplied an information service for a large group of French capitalists and industrialists. The head of this group was M. Charles Laurent, who presently became French Ambassador to Berlin. Our officials recognized the importance of German economic problems but knew nothing about them, so that anyone familiar with this new field was listened to and honored. When M. Charles Laurent went to Berlin, M. André François-Poncet remained in Paris and definitely established his reputation as an economist by publishing a daily bulletin that was a veritable mine of information containing documents, statistics, and studies of living conditions all over the world. It was during this time and for the same reason that Germain-Martin, Lucien Romier, and J. C. Gignoux also gradually began to win influence in the press and in politics.

POLITICS. They were destined to attract M. André François-Poncet as they had M. Germain-Martin and M. J. C. Gignoux. Elected a deputy from the seventh arrondissement in Paris, as much as a result of his speeches as of the efforts of *L'Avenir*, to which he contributed regularly, the former professor of German showed that though he was familiar with the land of Goethe he had not succumbed to worshiping it, as so many others of his generation had. His reactions to the attitude of Hindenburg and Stresemann were worthy of a Frenchman of good race and common sense. No snobbishness, literary or otherwise, seemed to weaken his patriotic sentiments or warp his judgment. For this reason he was actively opposed by the left-wing press. Aristide Briand at first treated with disdain and then with open hostility this well-dressed and still young man who permitted himself to proclaim figures, facts, and documents that completely contradicted the reports of M. de Margerie.

For the first time the Quai d'Orsay saw its methods, or rather its lack of method, being opposed by a man who knew Germany. Of course, M. Franklin-Bouillon knew Germany, too, but M. Franklin-Bouillon is vehement, excitable, untidy. It is easy to say that he is a fanatic, for this does away with the necessity of answering his observations and criticisms. But how could it be said that the statements of the very courteous, very moderate, very well informed M. François-Poncet had no value?

M. André François-Poncet first tasted power as undersecretary of state in the Ministry of Fine Arts, which gave him a chance to make some very fine speeches. But he was soon to show his real stature in the undersecretaryship that M. André Tardieu created for him as assistant to the prime minister. It was then that the ministers of finance, commerce, and agriculture had to bow before the arbitration of national economy. When, for instance, the budget was being drawn up and contradictory advice and suggestions came from such men as Germain-Martin, Chéron, Paul-Reynaud, Flandin, Rollin, and so on, the head of the government admitted his ignorance and ended the discussions by saying, 'Turn to Poncet,'

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a policy that M. Pierre Laval has continued. Everything that expressed resistance, everything that was positive in the French reply to the Hoover Plan is due in very large part to M. François-Poncet. Some people found his reply insufficient; M. Aristide Briand found it excessive and extravagant. When he saw M. Pierre Laval adopting this policy and supporting it, first at Paris and then at London, he was thunderstruck. 'We are going to attract the animosity of the whole world,' he said. 'Germany will go under, fall into anarchy, resort to war.' But once again events have given the lie to our foreign minister's prophecies. M. André François-Poncet departs for Berlin well prepared, well armed, in full possession of his natural gifts and his acquired knowledge. Even his defects will be of use to him there, where the officer type is as much esteemed as the professor type. France will at last have an ambassador, an ambassador who can, if he wishes, become an ambassador in the grand manner.

Miguel de Unamuno

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-Language Daily

ANYONE standing in the visitors' gallery of the Congress Hall of the Spanish Cortes and looking out over that sea of known and unknown faces will have his gaze arrested longer than usual by one face—that of Miguel de Unamuno. When the Salamanca philosopher made a speech on the election returns of his district—a matter of no great importance in itself—the galleries were as crowded as they were when the Cortes first opened. As much attention is paid to his words to-day as when he was living in exile, as when he was led back to his native land in triumph, or as when he announced the overthrow of the monarchy from the balcony of the Salamanca city hall. Miguel de Unamuno is a prophet who seeks to point out the way to his country now with gentle voice, now in short and sharp tones. Unamuno is at once an interpreter and a caustic critic. He will be the first to scold the young republic that he helped create when it is necessary and to reveal its inner and outer faults.

During the dictatorship he was living in exile near the Spanish border, where his native Basque speech is still spoken. One day, when he heard that King Alfonso was about to pass through, he betook himself to the railway station of Hendaye. The station master, who was familiar with the exiled philosopher's ruthless candor and who feared a painful scene, asked him to leave the platform in order to spare the French frontier station and himself, its agent, any unpleasantness. 'I give you my word,' Don Miguel told him, 'that I will not make a scene; I shall do nothing but look at the King.' 'But what if the King recognizes you?' asked the anxious official. 'What if he comes up and offers you his hand?' To which the philosopher replied, 'Then I shall say to him what the beggars in my home town say when someone gives them too big a piece of money: "My brother, I have no small change to give you."'

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Then there is the following nonpolitical anecdote. A group of friends were discussing the need for sleep. Unamuno admitted that he had to spend a good part of the twenty-four hours sleeping. 'The opposite,' asserted an egotistical member of the group, 'is true of me. Five hours a day is enough for me.' 'But when I am awake,' retorted Unamuno, 'I am much more awake than you.'

These two utterances sum up Unamuno completely. His brilliant sayings and the terse phrases in which he embodies his thought make his voice even to-day, now that he has entered the political arena, that of one crying in the wilderness, to whom men listen eagerly. Scarcely a day passes that newspapers all over Spain do not print something he has said. What others keep to themselves he says out loud. What others let rest he drags forward and attacks. His blows fall now to the right, now to the left, but, despite what some people say, he is no Don Quixote, tilting at windmills. Yet he knows the Quixotic character well, and he even bears a certain resemblance to that Spanish type in that he seeks, not a Dulcinea, but some ultimate thing that he will never find. His search is directed, not toward a human being, but toward a loftier goal. At the time of the monarchy he stood for the republic. To-day he asks: 'Monarchy? Republic?—Spain!' But in his work he has overleaped even that boundary and has reached still higher. He is the real representative of the religious Spain of to-day, which is concerned with the ultimate meaning of life, with immortality, a matter that the Church is no longer able to settle.

UNAMUNO tells a little story, a tender and appealing tale, in which he describes a cavern of silence. Nobody knows what it contains, for nobody who seeks to explore it or who is drawn into it by mysterious forces ever returns. Everyone who approaches it wants to explore its depths, but, no matter how he goes about it, no one ever brings back tidings. This little story, which is surrounded by mystic darkness and has nothing substantial about it, explains much if not all of Unamuno's restless longing. 'What a hunger for solitude,' he exclaimed when he was first packed in among four hundred deputies, 'what a hunger for solitude, my God, sinks to the core of one's social soul—for all souls are social—in this maelstrom of a shattered society. Solitude, blessed solitude, in which alone one experiences memories and social hopes! Hunger to be alone with the whole human universe, complete in itself!'

Wherever he goes he is a seeker, even in the Congress Hall. Party divisions are beginning to appear on the semicircular tiers of this hall, with their red upholstered seats. The outlines of the centre wing can already be discerned. Anyone who has a fixed place attaches his visiting card to his seat. But Unamuno wanders about ceaselessly. Sometimes he turns up here, sometimes there. It is as if he wished to see the hall from all angles and try all the seats. Will he ever find a pole about which to revolve? It does not seem likely, for it is not a question of spatial or political orienta-

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tion. It is a question of that same spiritual yearning that always has tormented him and always will torment him, since his searching eye looks too high to receive an answer.

When Unamuno first enters the hall he looks around in every direction; then he slowly climbs the steps, exchanging nods and greetings with his friends on all sides. He wears a black suit whose cut proclaims him a professor. On his slender, almost delicate body rests the expressive head of a true thinker. Yet he is no bloodless thinker. His forbears bequeathed him the health and strength that centuries on Basque soil gave them. He himself has the weather-beaten head of a peasant, and his energetic brow and bold nose have something eaglelike about them. His overhealthy, almost raspberry-colored face contrasts sharply with the dazzling white of his beard and hair, which he wears over his forehead in the Socratic manner.

There are many Spaniards who would like to see Unamuno as the first president of the Spanish Republic, and who are campaigning for him. As a representative of spiritual Spain and as a man of a nonpartisan and incorruptible attitude, he is certainly fitted for that office as no one else is. Yet just picture him in his relations with diplomats and the heads of other states. Accustomed to calling a spade a spade, he lacks one little characteristic—the faculty of concealing his true meaning behind his words. It is amusing to consider what changes in diplomatic usage would have to occur if Unamuno were actually to become the chosen head of his nation.

For the present we must content ourselves with the thought that Don Miguel has his place in that assembly which is giving Spain her first real constitution. And the intellectual world of Europe must bow in admiration before a people that values the things of the spirit so highly as to ask its poets and philosophers to participate in its legislative work, for José Ortega y Gasset, Pérez de Ayala, Marañon, and many others from the intellectual world have their places beside Unamuno.

Ludendorff, Ghost or Portent?

By Friedrich Franz von Unruh

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

'J. A. LUDENDORFF' was a magic formula that opened all doors in Central Europe for years. Anyone holding a little green card with these letters on it could command all the automobiles or airplanes he wanted, either at home or on the front. Deputies, industrialists, and representatives of the press hastened to perform its biddings, for behind it stood the most powerful man between the North Sea and the Caucasus.

Twelve years have passed. A man who claimed that he could make gold was arrested as a swindler. His protector's name was Ludendorff. Did this cause a sensation? Not to speak of. The radiance of the name has long

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since grown dim. Only a few people are still impressed by it. Nobody else wants to hear it any more. That recent trial only served to complete an infinitely fantastic reputation.

What has happened to Ludendorff? The man who ruled from Flanders to Bagdad now collaborates with his busy wife in printing on his private press tracts attacking Jews, freemasons, and Jesuits. He berates Christianity, denouncing it as 'incompatible with the German spirit,' and endorses his wife's 'German recognition of divinity.' This has caused much laughter, but many people have also felt uneasy. How could such a man have arbitrated our destiny during the critical period of the War? One can't avoid the inference that it was the Ludendorff of to-day that did the damage of yesterday, and we are nowadays inclined to view his career as a field marshal in the most unfavorable light. The time has therefore come to determine the justice of the reproaches that are cast at him. A recent book entitled *Ludendorff, the Tragedy of the Expert*, by Karl Tschuppik, published by the Verlag Dr. H. Epstein of Vienna and Leipzig, helps us in this task. The book is an attempt to show that Ludendorff's career was a fatal necessity. Written with rare ability, a sharp eye for essentials, and the open mind of a man who is trying to estimate Ludendorff without political bias, it is sometimes almost too conscientious in its attempts to be objective. But this profound, intelligent description is the first step toward a final evaluation.

How did General Ludendorff attain power? What had he done? His name appeared in the military dispatches early in August 1914, when Liége was captured. According to orders Ludendorff was serving as an observer, as a liaison officer. But suddenly a brigade commander fell. Ludendorff jumped into his shoes, broke through a line of twelve uncaptured forts, and entered the city on the seventh of August. He rode in an automobile to the citadel, accompanied only by his adjutant. He knocked at the gates, believing that his troops were already inside, but when the gates opened he found himself facing several hundred Belgians, whom he captured. Slowly his brigade followed. The attack had succeeded.

For the first time the young general experienced extensive fame. Even before the main body of the troops went into action he had received the *Ordre pour le Mérite*. He was then chosen to lead the attack against Russia under Hindenburg. The position there was critical, but within a month the Russians were beaten. A brilliant plan of attack and the energetic single-mindedness of the commanding officers, particularly of the field marshal and his chief of staff, were responsible for the victory. Meanwhile disaster had occurred on the western front. The Battle of the Marne had been lost and the plan of campaign had failed. Long-drawn-out, wearying warfare continued until 1916. Ludendorff had not yet been put in command. Falkenhayn, as chief of staff, fought and lost the Battle of Verdun. At this moment Brussilov shattered the Austrian front and took a quarter of a million prisoners. Three weeks later the Battle of the Somme began, and soon after that Rumania declared war.

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At this point the Kaiser decided to remove Falkenhayn and to entrust with the supreme command the two men who had long enjoyed the confidence of the army and of the people at home. Hindenburg was made chief of the general staff and Ludendorff first quartermaster general with special privileges. He shared full responsibility with his chief, in some respects as a subordinate, in some respects as an equal. 'I recognized,' Hindenburg has written, 'that the principal task was to give as free a rein as possible to the brilliant ideas, the almost superhuman working powers, and the invincible will of Ludendorff and to open up the way for him when necessary.'

AT LAST Ludendorff attained the position to which he had aspired. At first all went well. He visited the western front and took his bearings. With the fresh point of view of a leader who had just come from a mobile campaign, he disapproved of the kind of fighting that had led to trench warfare. A new breath of life permeated the front. At last the stubborn, senseless defense of every yard of territory was abandoned. Trench fighting relaxed. The defense became more fluid and more attention was given to what happened behind the lines. Machine guns, artillery, and aircraft were increased. The infantry soldier was relieved of his burden. Losses diminished. Ludendorff then turned to the East. In the middle of the Battle of the Somme, before he knew whether the western front would hold, he rashly diverted troops that he needed to Rumania. But the experiment succeeded. The whole campaign was carried through within three months under the command of Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Rumania was annihilated. The situation was saved. London and Paris were dumfounded, for they had built their hopes on Rumania. Within a year France had lost almost a million men. Public opinion was becoming skeptical, but Germany had achieved the prestige of winning a victory. The time had arrived when some way should have been found to end the War.

Here the criticism of Ludendorff begins. Why did he delay? Why did he not force peace? More than one opportunity had arisen, but he neglected them all, making a series of bad decisions, deciding to build up a kingdom of Poland, declaring U-boat warfare, rejecting the Pope's offer of mediation, delaying the peace with Russia. All these bad decisions were due to Ludendorff, who paid more attention to military than to political considerations, who preferred Utopia to reality. Was he personally to blame? Was his will to power, his mad urge to become a dictator responsible?

Every war witnesses the same struggle between field marshals and statesmen, and our opponents underwent it too. But the armies of the Allies had not played a decisive part in peace time, so that Allied politicians had an easier task. Nor should we forget that back in 1871 military considerations almost robbed Germany of victory, for Moltke wanted to go on fighting. Bismarck opposed him and carried the day, thanks to the support of the Emperor. But in the World War the Kaiser could do nothing. He

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himself had played the general too long and had mismanaged his political affairs. The results were unavoidable. Civilian authority was no longer conceivable in Germany, where the chancellor wore spurs to open the Reichstag and where all of life was ordered in military style. What happened had to happen. In the cowardice and incapacity of Michaelis we reaped what we had sown. Even the Kaiser was powerless, the prisoner of his own system, which was run by generals. The people were right in blaming the military dictatorship, although they blamed the system more than Ludendorff, feeling that any other commander would have acted in the same way. Moreover, there was the Reichstag, representing the people. Why did it acquiesce? Why did it go the wrong way? The opposition had been tamed. When war was declared, when the U-boat campaign was decided upon, and when the Peace of Brest-Litovsk was being ratified, the Reichstag majority shouted 'Bravo' and voted in favor of all these measures.

Ludendorff alone was not to blame. Everyone was at fault. No one could distinguish between the possible and the impossible. Tschuppik, as Ludendorff's critic, speaks here of that sixth sense, that sense for unreality of the Germans, who confuse the world of desires and the real world. The more enemies the better. Was the whole world against us? Hurrah! From the time when U-boat warfare was declared and the Pope's peace offer was refused, we have been led irrevocably to where we are to-day, to the speeches of strong men, to their demands for further armaments, and to the announcement of the Young Plan. It made no difference what was possible, what really existed. We were building on air. In this respect all of us, from the simplest to the highest, seemed to be alike. Whether foolish people were rejoicing that war had been declared, whether Hindenburg was insisting, as we sued for peace, that we be given Briey and Longwy, whether Ludendorff, failing to recognize what could be accomplished, was waging war from Arras to Persia, attacking and attacking—they were all moved by the same spirit. Ludendorff was merely a representative figure, standing for a national characteristic.

SHOULD we, then, absolve him of personal responsibility? Has he been unjustly condemned? He is said to have no feeling for imponderables, no qualities of psychological leadership. True enough. But if we see clearly we know that imponderables are not really imponderable; they are spiritual realities that real leaders can dominate and judge and that Ludendorff himself must have been able to judge, since they were based on profound facts. But he refused to do so. His spring and summer offensive of 1918 revealed this defect. Early in April the greatest of all battles had been lost. Nevertheless, Ludendorff still attacked through April, May, and June. But it was all in vain, in spite of initial successes, in spite of the courage of the troops. The reserves necessary to follow up such attacks had been exhausted long since. The troops could no longer carry through

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and fight on to victory. Thousands upon thousands of men were vainly sacrificed. They were nothing but cannon fodder. Ludendorff still lacked what he had always lacked—contact with the troops, inner sensitiveness. He did not know what conditions really were among the men. This was again proved on the eighth of August, the 'black day,' as he called it. The enemy attacked with tanks whose value Ludendorff had underestimated. The front was broken. Seven divisions were overwhelmed. 'Unprecedented,' said Ludendorff. 'How can this have happened? Were n't the troops completely capable of fighting? Why did n't they hold their ground? Virility and the military spirit must have left them.'

The Kaiser saw more clearly. In his opinion, the troops had been overstrained. They had been forced to sacrifice too much. Ludendorff denied this, saying that the attacking troops had been at the front as long as our men. What psychology! As if the German soldier could be compared at that time to his opponent. Whether at the front or not, the Allied soldier was well fed, well cared for, and well clothed. He had what he needed, and, above all, he knew that the Americans would bring help soon. Hundreds of thousands of young strong men were arriving month by month, as well as military supplies, while, in spite of all our attempts to conceal our losses, German schoolboys were being sent to the front and we were being bled white. The Allied army was full of hope. The Germans were exhausted and further dismayed by the distress behind the lines. They had no hope that conditions would improve, yet Ludendorff noticed nothing. He studied his papers and reasoned out how many divisions were needed, how long they could hold out, how strong the enemy was.

With savage accuracy Tschuppik reveals what an impossible attitude he took. Had he no idea what he owed to this army? It had trusted him as soldiers seldom trust a leader. It had obeyed him, bled for him, starved for him, gone through hell and back. It had suffered murderous losses. For years it had given him all that men can give. And now, when it was exhausted and done almost to death, he had the gruesome arrogance to revile it. No lack of virility, no stab in the back from behind the lines led the army to ruin. He alone was responsible. Yet he recognized none of this. He operated in a vacuum with imaginary soldiers and with the conception of honor of a cadet corps. No more damning verdict can be passed on him than his own estimate of that eighth of August, when a weakness that had its roots in the system and in the German character attained such proportions that it can be attributed only to his personal failings.

To anyone who saw Ludendorff during the War he looked like a typical, energetic Prussian general, his eyes and his high, clear forehead revealing a keen, wide-ranging intellect. But his face had one strange feature, the chin. Ludendorff carried it stiff against his collar, thus giving himself a martial appearance. But in reality his chin, the seat of strength and energy, was undeveloped. He carried it deceptively. Nothing lay behind it. Explained in physical terms, the strength in his forehead and eyes was not sufficient to conceal the lack of any real basis. His energy had no

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foundation. In like manner, when the army attacked in 1918 it was doomed in advance because the foundations did not and could not exist to make its attack effective. The positions were weak and there was no hope of victory. Nevertheless he stuck his chin against his collar and commanded the troops to move forward. That was the true Ludendorff.

This trait still exists in him and revealed itself in 1923, at the time of the Hitler *Putsch*. He showed courage when he marched against the bullets of the police. He has shown courage in that he is still fighting, although he might enjoy rest and renown. But it has been a lost, futile fight since it started, this fight against supranational powers. If Christianity could be replaced with a new religion, such a religion would have to be superior to the old one. But Ludendorff is blind to such considerations. He acts now just as he acted during the War. He goes forward without making any attempt to understand his enemies, to fathom the inner strength and value of Christianity, just as he used to attack a stronger enemy with no reserves and with no right to feel as confident as he did. He wants to prevail by will power without any relation to actualities. When he attacks Christ or belabors freemasons, he reveals an almost pathological lack of proportion.

This condition throws significant light on the way he let Germany pour out its blood in the summer offensive of 1918. His weakness is evident. It is clear for all to see. But there lies a danger in accusing Ludendorff of certain defects that are really inherent in the system. For danger still exists in Germany that our army will once more gain the ascendency, in spite of its small size. Frequently in the past decade there has been reason for alarm when tendencies appeared in the army that could not be reconciled with the will of the Republic, especially when attempts were made to play politics through the army. This is what makes Ludendorff a live issue still.

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The new Spanish Ambassador to Berlin, who is also editor of *Revista de Occidente*, analyzes recent Spanish history with philosophic understanding.

A Spaniard *on* Spain

By José Ortega y Gasset

From the *Europäische Revue*
Berlin International Monthly

HISTORY is not the relation of facts but the perception of their essence. Like all forms of reality, history possesses the dimensions of extent and depth, surface and interior. It has a concealed mechanism. History as narrative always bores us. History as understanding haunts us with ever-living tension. Any historical episode suddenly appearing on the surface tempts us to penetrate underground and discover its roots. We ought to create a form of history describing fundamentals, something that has no connection with history in the ordinary sense but a great deal to do with an algebraic equation, with the higher algebra of humanity.

At present I am attempting to display briefly before foreign and Spanish eyes what led to such a surprisingly simple change of government in old-fashioned Spain. Within a few hours a nation that was considered the citadel of monarchism suddenly became a republic, without the least disturbance to public order. Everything happened as naturally as if one were pulling off a glove. This is the most important thing to understand.

Let me now describe the progress of events. After eight years of unconstitutional dictatorship, the monarchy decided to legalize its position and summoned parliament. But elections for parliament must be preceded by municipal elections, and the date for holding them was set for the twelfth of April. What happened disappointed the monarchy. In almost every provincial capital, in every town of any significance, even in many villages, the republicans outvoted the monarchists by three to one. In other words, the republic in Spain had three times as many supporters as the existing state. On April fourteenth the republic was proclaimed throughout the whole country as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The monarchy made no attempt to defend itself. It submitted to the election returns and vanished from history.

The world was amazed at the polite way the government abdicated. For our part, we were amazed at the unques-

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tionable existence of a fact that suddenly destroyed all the ideas we had formed of the way things stood. Political upheavals are generally accomplished under revolutionary circumstances. How did it come about that this did not happen in Spain? Let me try to explain.

My task will be easier if we keep in mind certain facts. Expressed mathematically, the municipal elections showed that the republican voters were three times as numerous as those who voted in behalf of the present order. But this mathematical superiority is even greater when it is considered in the light of these three points. First, municipal elections have never possessed political significance in Spain, although the elected representatives strongly influence the real parliamentary elections later. Secondly, after a ten-year suspension of voting privileges it would be natural to assume that the Spanish public must have been rather paralyzed. Thirdly, after eight years of tyranny, without freedom of the press or freedom of assembly, the Spanish people had enjoyed constitutional guarantees for only the twenty days that are prescribed by law as the *período electoral*, and even then these guarantees were not fully granted. Hardly any propaganda or agitation was carried on among the voters. Since these three handicaps did not prevent the republicans from overwhelming the monarchists, obviously almost the whole nation wanted to change to a more liberal régime.

But this very fact constitutes a remarkable aspect of the proceedings. For how can one hope to convince the overwhelming majority of a people that a change is necessary? Normally a government has no sooner lost its essential prestige, its historic justification, than a powerful minority arises, organizes itself as an opposition party, and overwhelms the government by means of a more or less bloody revolution. Normally it is the opposition as such that destroys the old government and builds up a new one without the support of the whole people, that is to say the majority. Revolution is always the work of an opposition, and the opposition is essentially a minority, big or small, but always a minority. The majority is logically not revolutionary.

THESE observations reveal the deeper meaning of what happened in Spain and show something that is peculiar to this nation. In December a revolutionary movement with an extensive organization started operations on the peninsula. On the twelfth of that month a few officers revolted at Jaca. On the fifteenth Franco flew over Madrid and dropped manifestos. I cannot deny that the sight of a military airplane flying over the roofs of the capital, summoning the people to revolution and announcing that it would bomb the royal palace and the barracks, was one of the most exciting scenes that one can hope to witness. A more compelling summons to revolt could hardly be imagined, yet neither the enthusiastic youngsters in Jaca nor the rebellious airplane over Madrid aroused the people. All Spain shrank back and refused to coöperate in a revolution against the very government that the whole nation overthrew three months later with the gentle gesture of a municipal election.

The significance of these facts lies in their contradiction. The point simply is that Spain is an abnormally nonrevolutionary country. The capacity for revolution is a talent or a handicap that nations either possess or lack. Spain possesses neither this talent nor this handicap. Recent events only throw a new light on the whole history of Spain, which does not include a single revolution.

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But when we remember that revolution is the *modus operandi* of any opposition, we are forced to recognize that this extraordinary peculiarity of the Spanish peninsula is due to the fact that there is not and never has been an opposition in Spain. This is the deepest mystery in Spanish history. We are a nation that is loyal to its government, and this explains a great deal of our past. Take our Catholicism, for instance. Spain was anti-Protestant because Protestantism was the opposition and Rome the government, not because the nation was any more Catholic or un-Catholic than any other. As the world ceased to be Catholic, so Spain to-day is no longer Catholic. Contrary to what most foreigners believe, there is probably no European country that has fewer Catholics than Spain.

A nation without an opposition, is n't that a charming theme? How is it possible? What does such a nation look like? How does its organism make use of the negative forces that regulate the life of any collective body? To answer such questions we must leave the facts we have just been discussing and delve into the Spanish soul.

Here it is enough to mention the profound governmental loyalty of this ancient Western people. And this quality guarantees the future of our republic. Spain changes only when it changes as a whole. At the elections for the Constitutional Assembly held on May twenty-eighth, only one Royalist representative was chosen. In other words, the wonderful law that governs our history is being fulfilled in respect to the monarchistic idea, which, now that it is out of power, can no longer survive, even as the opposition.

When a young Frenchman delves into his soul to discover the roots of his intellectual and racial traditions he encounters the dogmatic figure of Bossuet, but by its side stands that of Voltaire, an equally good representative of the purest traditions of French culture. In France, as in England and in Germany, two traditions have prevailed from time immemorial and their conflicts have been fruitful through the centuries. But the intellectual tradition of Spain is simpler. We do not possess and never did possess any historical inclination toward heterodoxy. Opposition, heterodoxy, always came from outsiders. But that quality which, like the capacity for revolution, may be either a handicap or an advantage; that talent which a people may have for being always in tune with itself and able to act at a given fateful moment as a single united force and set in motion a great historical movement—that quality we do possess. This has happened to Spain once and may happen again. But a nation that can change only as a whole must move along its historic path in *tempo lento*. The new order establishes itself secretly and gradually until it has permeated all society. In the early nineteenth century Buckle could well describe Spain as a country whose destiny was to remain true to its kings. That is the superficial aspect, but the underlying reality is different. Spain was monarchical as long as the monarchical idea officially ruled the world.

THIS does not mean that Spain has identified itself with the growth and decay of all its kings since the year 1500. Quite the contrary. The mere fact that ever since that time foreign dynasties have occupied the Spanish throne characterizes the true situation. The monarchy, in other words the state, oppressed the Spanish people, but always as a foreign body. The essential unity that existed between the Bourbons and the French never found its parallel on the Iberian Peninsula. The monarchy was never national, not even under Charles III, who was really concerned for the welfare of his people,

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provided, of course, it did not interfere with his international family politics. It is one thing to wish those who are near you well and another thing to feel identified with them. Spain always lived divided between two irreconcilable interests, the needs of the nation and the needs of the monarchy.

As long as Spain was in the historical phase during which a state could impose upon a people, it could justly be considered royalist. But the French Revolution and the new economic structure of Europe gave collective life a more porous structure. Since that time the different states have become national states to an extreme degree. It is no longer possible to distinguish between public force and society. Both have become so porous that they penetrate each other.

For more than a century Spain has tried to cut loose from its monarchy, with the congenital tardiness of one who is born late. Back in 1812, the Cortes of Cadiz contained a group of men who did not feel that they were monarchists. The constitution they wrote served for a whole century as the model for all other constitutions. Since that time the republican idea has made a conquest of the Spanish soul bit by bit. The restoration accomplished by the father of Alfonso XIII sixty years ago was a great historic falsehood. It is enough to mention that Canovas del Castillo, the driving force of the movement, could not pass through the provincial capitals without being hooted at, for the city population was republican even then.

Alfonso XIII hastened the destruction of the monarchist idea in Spain through an attitude that is decisive in all Spanish dramas. As the German is objective, so the Spaniard is subjective, personal. He lets himself be convinced in the last analysis by the *argumenta hominis ad hominem*. King Alfonso was too concerned about appearing clever and forgot to remain loyal in his personal relations to individuals and groups. The Spanish people vanquished him in a man-to-man combat.

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A German who knows his Arabia like a Doughty or a Lawrence and who writes with equal skill describes a journey through the Hejaz Mountains and reports strange conversations with the natives.

Mountains *of* ARABIA

By Leopold Weiss

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zürich German-Language Daily

In the late evening we arrived at the foot of the Jebel Kora, the highest stretch in this section of the Hejaz Range. We were taking the shortest way to Taif, which lies beyond the mountains, facing toward Nejd. We spent the night in the little village of El-Kurr, whose tiny houses, made of rough red stone, climb diagonally along the rocky slopes. Behind El-Kurr the road winds steeply over Jebel Kora. Here one can ride no further but must continue on foot.

Long before sunrise our mule driver awoke us, saying, 'Let us depart in God's name. Later it will be too hot to climb.' We therefore set forth while the darkness of night still veiled us and climbed for hours over granite boulders before the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the heavens. It took us three hours and was no easy task, but when day finally broke we had nearly reached the top of the mountain. Here a wonderful change of air greeted us as cold gusts from the chilly uplands assaulted our hot faces.

The low-lying sun shone straight in our eyes, its rays of pale gold piercing the clear, sharp, invigorating upper air. Only yesterday the hot, soft, muggy atmosphere of the low-lying valley of Mecca, enclosed by mountains of rock, had made our breath come short, but now how deeply and easily we breathed and how we strode forward, feeling almost as if we were flying.

A broad plateau dotted erratically with great granite blocks and known as the Hada lies at the top of the Kora Range, and we saw occasional stone houses with little terraced gardens bounded by low stone walls and bursting with greenery and roses. The primitive wells in each garden sang and creaked, their wooden machinery making a noise like some kind of disorganized orchestra, and we also heard the songs of men at work.

This plateau is enclosed like a basin on three sides by a rim of higher peaks that are far distant in the north and south but nearer toward the east. Green gardens and gray blocks of

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granite cover the scene. Southward the gardens grow in luxurious profusion. From among them, on a flat-topped hill, rises a village that looks like a fortification by reason of the jagged profile of its closely crowded houses. Indeed, it was intended as a fortification and has a watch tower in the middle from which the inhabitants can spy out approaching enemies. Roughly in the centre of the oval, directly opposite the point at which the mountain path rises from the depths of the coastal plain below, lies another village, but its houses are not bunched together. Each one stands by itself like an island surrounded by its own tiny garden. They are built of stone and are streaked with gaudy colors and have broad white bands of chalk around their doors and windows.

The inhabitants of the Hada Plateau all belong to the Beni Thaqîf tribe, which played an important rôle in the history of Arabian world conquest. The Mohammedan generals and statesmen who flourished in the most glorious days of Islam were first heard of in this mountain country.

Arab mountain dwellers reveal another aspect of this great race, which we commonly associate only with plains and deserts. These mountain people are as brave and proud as the Bedouins of the desert, and even more upright and strict in their private lives. They are always ready to fight because of their great courage and because of their love of the earth that nourishes them. They are well built, full of life, and hard. They love to tell stories in speech and song and to hear tales and histories of their mountains and of the beloved earth that gives them nourishment. Always this life-giving earth that nourishes them and their children inspires them, that and nothing else. It is their home in a much deeper and more intimate sense than the desert is the home of other Arabs, even those who have remained in one village for generations. For the Arabs of the desert always feel that they are mere visitors to this world. They are shy, flighty, and full of change, creatures more of the air than of the soil. But the mountain dwellers grow up out of their own landscape, and it makes their hearts throb profoundly.

There is more love in them than in their brothers of the desert, and more cruelty, too, for that is the other side of love. The Bedouin, the Arab of the desert, is actually not cruel at all. He is good-natured under his shy exterior, and even his depredations are almost polite. He avoids bloodshed whenever possible. But the tribes of Beni Thaqîf still celebrate in their remote valleys extraordinary festivals of bloodshed and fortitude, during which boys on the threshold of manhood display their courage in strange ways and bear all kinds of pain and suffering, while the women and girls beat drums and sing just like the Indians in storybooks.

These tribes in the Hejaz Mountains are the hardest and toughest people in the whole peninsula. They have never been conquered by anyone except fellow tribesmen. Never has a foreign invader been able to establish himself in their mountain home.

IT was afternoon when we came to a narrow valley running from north to south and looking like a river of greenery. You could not see the ground for the wealth of vegetation, and the little houses were like islands, with a green sea through which one could hardly make one's way surging about them.

The thorns of the rose bushes pricked our clothing. The water in the little irrigation ditches dampened our feet. The branches of pomegranate trees gently stroked our faces. It was like diving into something green and alive, but only a person fresh from the fiery

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furnace of Mecca can understand what it meant. We approached a thicket of trees from which came the music of oxen pulling ropes over the wooden wheels of draw wells. The music here was not so loud as that of the hundred-piece orchestra of an oasis in Nejd, where a hundred wheels were creaking at once, but it was more charming, more like violins, as it rang out in the evening air, constantly breaking its own rhythm in strange ways, then proceeding fitfully with its creaking, chirping, and singing, a duet of wooden wheels and ropes, until it ended with a rustling noise as the leather buckets appeared at the top of the wells and emptied themselves into stone basins.

I spoke to the Hindu friend who was accompanying me. 'Can there be anything more beautiful than such music?'

'What music?'

'The sound of the wells.'

The Hindu burst out laughing. 'What nonsense. That, music? Music is the art of harmonically complete measure and of pure law dominated by reason, but this is nothing but discord and terrible screeching.'

No doubt most non-Arabian Orientals have little feeling for contrapuntal effects in music or in anything else. The fine shades of experience, everything indefinite, vague, and contrary to the law of balance remains essentially foreign to them, and they can never appreciate dissonance. But the Arabs are different and live chiefly through their nerves.

Suddenly an old man appeared near us, an inhabitant of the village, perhaps the one who had been driving the oxen at the wells in the thicket ahead. He had heard our brief conversation about the wells as he emerged from the thicket with the slow movements of a farmer. He had understood what we had said, for we had been speaking Arabic, and he addressed us, 'Peace be with you.' Then he turned his brown old face to me and regarded me for a while, keenly and honestly, his wrinkled face quite motionless. Then he went on talking slowly. 'You have a good understanding of music. It is as you say. No more beautiful music can exist than this. Every well has its angel, as every man has, and these angels set the tone. Come into the garden and eat some of the mulberries that we have just plucked.'

We sat under a quince tree with a big basket of dark-red mulberries before us. The sun was approaching the horizon. A few women were working in the wheat field below the garden, cutting the wheat and binding it in sheaves, working in a row close together, singing and moving rhythmically, kneeling down whenever they cut a stalk and then continuing in step when they stood up again. The women here wear long black or black-and-yellow garments which they gather up when they walk and draw through the front of their girdles. They swing along with wonderful ease in their long, dark-blue trousers, and their bodies are powerful, yet supple as violin bows. Never have I seen such beautiful women in Arabia, and though they usually veil the lower half of their faces, the eyes, nose, and forehead have such extraordinary harmony of line that one can easily imagine what the rest of the face looks like. Their eyes are a mixture of flame and snow, yet each pair has its own quality. Only in Southern Persia have I seen such beautiful black eyes, cold and blazing.

The old man squatted before us in the grass and spoke as follows. 'My whole life I have spent between these mountains. I have traveled only back and forth to Taif, which is three hours' journey from here, but last year my brother prevailed upon me to go with him on the pilgrimage Mecca. We had harvested our apricots and

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I loaded my camel down with them and we set forth for Mecca. When the fruit was sold, an Egyptian pilgrim rented my camel for his journey back to Jedda and I accompanied him. There I saw the sea for the first time. I turned my camel loose and sat down by the seashore and had no other wish than to sit thus and look at the sea. So much water, such an expanse of water, great, unending, so much water. My only wish was to float on the sea in a wooden boat, but there was no boat near. Thus I sat on the shore and looked at the water until it became night and quite forgot my camel.'

A NEW companion joined us on the Hada Plateau, a young merchant from Hadramaut in Southern Arabia who had been living in Mecca for some years and was now going to spend a few weeks enjoying himself in the cool climate of Taif. The Hadrami are by far the most businesslike people in Arabia. They are filled with a congenital urge to buy and sell. And since their own country is in a constant state of anarchy, with the reputation of having no security or prospects, many of them have wandered abroad to seek their fortunes in other lands. These Hadrami business men combine extraordinary industry with almost incredible parsimony, and these two qualities, plus their reputation for honesty, have enabled most of them to acquire some wealth and a few of them to become really rich.

There is a big Hadrami colony in Yemen and they are found everywhere throughout the Hejaz, especially in Jedda and Mecca, where they do most of their business. But they have also been able to set themselves up in many cities outside the Arabian Peninsula, especially on the coast of British India and East Africa. Finally, they have made themselves indispensable to the economic life of Java and Sumatra, where many of them live. It was they who brought Islam to the Hindu islands of the Dutch East Indies six hundred years ago.

The most noticeable feature of our Hadrami friend was that he was extraordinarily thin. His lively little eyes seemed to be quite out of place in his face of skin and bones. He was very eager for knowledge of all kinds and asked unending questions on all possible subjects. He was also very cheerful and turned out on closer acquaintance to possess a truly noble spirit. He was a real representative of the Arabian race, with all its best qualities and only a few of its failings. Time passed quickly with him.

During the last night of our stay on the Hada Plateau an old Bedouin from the vicinity of Taif joined our party. We had taken our evening meal and were lying outdoors on our backs, staring at the heavens above. The moon was shining brightly and was nearly full. It was the thirteenth night of the Mohammedan month. An immense, gentle stillness lay over the whole landscape and only the thinnest partition seemed to separate us from the world of rustling foliage and sighing wind. It was a real mountain stillness full of mystery and surprise, quite different from the eternity-steeped stillness of the desert, which always seems to be wrapped up entirely in itself. Here there was a constant variation of sound, the cry of a bird of prey or snatches of song floating on the wind from some man working at night at a well, urging on his oxen. Suddenly a wave of rose perfume would come to us from a little stone-enclosed garden or the wind would stretch out over the earth like a soft, cool hand and shake the branches of the trees.

The Hadrami broke the stillness: 'Is it true, O my brother, that Europeans believe that the dark spots on the

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moon are mountains and valleys? For so I heard when I was in the city of Aden last year.'

'It is true,' I said. 'The moon is a small world with mountains and valleys, but it is a cold, dead world and has no air.'

The Hadrami looked upon me with wonder, but the old Bedouin, who up to now had apparently been interested only in his pipe of tobacco, raised his broken voice, 'O my brother, all that you have spoken is pure nonsense. You speak so much nonsense because you are young and believe you have a long life before you. Mark me now and give ear while I tell you why the moon has dark spots on his face. It happened in this way. The moon felt lonely and troubled because he had to move across the heavens each night alone. He decided to get married, and naturally thought first of the sun and went there as a suitor. But it so happened that the sun was busy baking bread. She was annoyed by the persistent suitor disturbing her work, and when he became importunate and would not go away she seized a coal shovel and hit the moon in the face with it so that he staggered back and departed. Eternally he bears the black spots on his face. That is the whole truth, and all this talk about the mountains and valleys is foolish lying.'

We laughed, but the old man did not mind. It was all the same to him, because he possessed the truth. When stillness fell again the Hadrami began to speak: 'All that is nothing. In our country you can hear much more curious things about the moon. There is a tribe beyond the mountains, on the border of the great desert of Ruba el-Khali, which is shut off from all the world. The people of this tribe know nothing about Islam except a few words and gestures. What the Prophet of God—prayer and peace be unto Him—did and commanded, they hardly know at all. Whenever there is an eclipse of the moon they stand on a hill and shoot their flintlock muskets to heaven to force the moon to appear, and they murmur among themselves,—God forgive me the sin of my lips for repeating such words,—"God's wife is sick to-day and therefore the poor moon has been compelled to take her place, working the hand mill to grind enough corn for the day." They keep on crying and shouting until the moon again comes into full view, and then they say, "See how red it is from its exertions." There are such people in my country, O brother, and they are mad with ignorance.'

NEXT morning we rode on. To our right and left lay villages and gardens, a fertile, clear-aired world. One village hung like a stone beehive from a lofty mountain, its houses packed tight together as if growing out of the rock. The sun shone on the reddish stone of which these houses were built,—I believe it was porphyry,—showing many different colors in the morning light. But red predominated and burst out like a flame, giving this clinging city on its projecting crag a remarkable appearance.

To our right rose another still higher mountain and at its top, dominating the plateau and its passes, was a little stone fortification falling into ruin. Here it was that the fanatical Echuans, the league of Nejd Bedouins, performed one of their most heroic deeds seven years ago when, at the command of King Ibn Saud, they set out to conquer the Hejaz, though they were insufficiently armed and each man had only five or six rounds of ammunition in his cartridge belt. At this mountain fort, which was meant to block the shortest route between Taif and Mecca, King Husein had stationed a detachment of Druse soldiers with four machine guns,

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completely trusting the proverbial bravery and dependability of these fighting people. The fort was so situated that it should have been able to stop a whole army with a few machine guns. But it did not check the Echuans. A detachment of seventy-three men stormed the fort and climbed up the steep approach under machine-gun fire, armed only with daggers. Sixty-two of them fell before they reached the top, but the eleven survivors overwhelmed the little fortification and killed the Druses over their machine guns to the last man. Thus the way to Mecca was opened and a few days later King Husein had to flee to Jedda.

We then came to the edge of the mountain range and began descending the eastern slope. It was not so steep as the western side and much shorter, because the whole country beyond the Hejaz Mountains is much higher than the low country to the west bordering the Red Sea and really belongs to Nejd geographically. Below, at our feet, lay another stretch of green country, Wâdy Mohrim, a luxurious Arcadia. There were villages to our left and right, and gardens, every garden full of yellow, ripening quinces. Villages stretch from here southward to the Serrat Mountains of Yemen in an almost unbroken line. It is cool, and arrogant tribes of pure Arabian origin dwell in these places, whose ancient legends still live. Every few steps you find inscriptions that nobody can read on the stones, primitive drawings of animals, gravestones that were forgotten many thousands of years ago. You also encounter ancient structures doubtless dating back to a period of high culture, made from carefully hewn blocks of stone of such size that you wonder how human hands could have lifted them unaided and made them serve as parts of buildings. If you ask who built these relics you are told, 'The men of former times.' The peasants and shepherds of to-day no longer know who these men were. They lump them all together under the name, 'Beni Hilâl,' a fabulous tribe descended from giants which is made to serve as the explanation of the traces of former cultures all over Arabia.

We then came upon the remains of a huge dam that once blocked the valley, apparently to hold back rain water so that it could be used for irrigation. The old Bedouin explained about this: 'A king of the tribe of Beni Hilâl once ruled here many years ago. But he was insolent in the face of God and said, "I shall barricade the valley for my people so that they will be able to block the mountain streams and lead them into a great reservoir. Then I shall not need to think of rain and need not bow my back before God." And he forced the free men and the slaves to labor, and when the work was completed he had all his lancers mount their horses and he stationed himself at their head. They spoke to one another, "No flood can overwhelm this wall," but hardly had they uttered these words when the heavens became black with clouds and it began to thunder, and the thunder came from the hoofs of a mighty mounted stranger who rode into the valley on a blue-gray horse, bearing a bright sword in his hand and shouting, "He is the greatest of all, He, God, the Lord, and there is no might and no strength but His." To their amazement they all saw a rolling torrent following the rider, and the rider smote the dam with his sword and broke it in two, and the flood poured down into the valley and took the king and his men with it, and they died miserably.'

The old Bedouin told this legend in a dry, matter-of-fact tone as if he were describing something that happened yesterday, for these people are so infused with their legends that they can not conceive of everyday reality without them.

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Is Russian Communism a new religion? An exiled Russian answers in the affirmative; Professor Bonn, of the University of Berlin, sticks to economic rather than political considerations.

Russia, Religion, *and* Revolution

Russian and German Views

I. Utopia Come True

By Nikolai Berdayev

Translated from the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, Munich Conservative Daily

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION is not only a political and economic event but a spiritual and moral one. Yet the spiritual and moral side of the Russian communistic experiment is scarcely understood in western Europe. Such understanding is incompatible with an attitude of undying hatred for Soviet Russia or of superficial sympathy for the country. And even those Europeans who visit Russia generally see nothing but the outer aspects of Russian life and do not grasp the inner moral and spiritual atmosphere. They fail to penetrate the ideas and beliefs that inspire the land. Yet we must study Soviet ideology as well as the country's political and economic structure.

It is generally recognized that Marxian ideas triumphed in the Russian Revolution, but a knowledge of Marx is not sufficient to explain what happened. The German Social Democrats know Marx very well, but they draw small profit from their knowledge. It is an enormous paradox that a Marxian revolution occurred in Russia. Yet in that peasant country, with few highly developed industries and a comparatively small working class, we had a proletarian revolution inspired by the symbolism of the world mission of the proletariat. This only goes to show the importance of ideas and myths in history. The Russian 'Marxian' revolution is a living refutation of the theory of economic determinism. Russian Communism is a mythological creation of immense magnitude. Idealistic fictions have shaped reality and altered economic life. The fundamental thesis of Marxism has not revealed itself in Russia, where the consciousness of man has determined his existence instead of his economic existence's having determined his consciousness.

Proletarian communistic consciousness can work wonders, even though it

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lacks an economic basis and even though the proletariat scarcely exists. Russian Communism, which fanatically proclaims its materialistic beliefs, is really completely idealistic and spiritually abstract. That is why it constantly violates life. The question also arises as to what is the difference between Occidental German Marxism and Oriental Russian Communism. Would Marx be able to recognize himself in the Russian Revolution? The Russian Social Democrats, or Mensheviki, considered themselves more consistent Marxians than the Bolsheviki, and not without reason, for they were more faithful to the doctrine of economic materialism. Yet they played almost no rôle in the Russian Revolution. Their Marxism failed to inspire anybody. They could not create a myth. They had no Messianic idea. Their creed, based on an upside-down theocracy, was hopelessly un-Russian. Classical Marxism combined extreme rationalism, the application of Hegel's logic to material processes, and the belief that life could be completely rationalized, with the revelation of a bitter historical struggle between dynamic, irrational forces. Russian Communism took over Marx's idea of a completely rationalized and regulated social life, but Marxian doctrine was deformed and degenerated under the influence of the irrational Russian element. The Russian Revolution chose Marxism, which the great mass of Communists know very imperfectly, as its fighting symbol, as its flag of victory. But the Revolution took from Marxism only what it needed and what consolidated the concentration of political power in the hands of the Communist Party.

The Russian Communists did not take over the objective, scientific elements in Marxism, nor its practical, active elements, but chiefly its Messianic content, which was transformed into a religion. While Marxism was losing its revolutionary, Messianic character in the hands of the Social Democrats and was retaining only its scientific, practical qualities, in the hands of the Russian Communists it was being transformed into a theology, into a new revelation. This explains why Marxism became really effective and practical. The more sensible and reasonable Marxism of the Mensheviki, on the other hand, revealed itself as unreal and impractical. Although Marxism was never so deified as during the Communist Revolution, the difference between Russian Communism and classical Marxism is enormous. The chief distinction is that the Russian Communists emphasize not the economic element but the political element. Political power has become for them the basic, determining factor. They believe that the government can change the economic life of a country by decrees and force it in any given direction.

RUSSIAN Communism is imperialistic. It considers political power as omnipotent and lets economics wait upon politics, rather than the other way around. The industrialization of the country has been entirely due to the power of the government, as we see in the case of the Five-Year Plan. Obviously this contradicts the theory of economic determinism, but it does confirm another aspect of Marxism that was usually relegated to the future. Marxism believes in the leap from the realm of necessity into the realm of freedom. This realm of freedom begins as soon as collective reason controls the elementary, irrational social forces. The victorious Communist Party believes that it has already entered such a realm of freedom. Only in the realm of necessity do economics determine everything, whereas in the realm of

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freedom economics are determined by collective power.

It is this element in Communism that is most attractive to young people. The world becomes plastic; it can be moulded to one's heart's desire, changed and made to have unlimited possibilities of social development. In liberal, democratic Europe, even the smallest social reforms can be put through only with great difficulty. People are bound not only by tradition and the weight of the past but also by their conception of liberty. In France especially, liberty has become a conservative principle. The French attach so much importance to liberty that they do not dare to reform society. The Communist realm of freedom is something quite different. Communist freedom does not shrink at any violence, if violence is needed to create a new world. This has led to much disillusionment and disappointment, to much futile labor, but it is a seductive and appealing idea. The Communist experiment exposes the fundamental contradiction of Marxism, the incompatibility of its materialism and economics with its rationalism and logic.

Russian Communism and classical Marxism have different conceptions of how socialism will come to pass. Marxism conceives of socialism as the dialectically necessary outcome of the growth of productive forces and argues that socialism must be the consequence of well-being. Russian Communism not only believes but has actually proved that socialism is the result of poverty, not of well-being. Socialism then develops productive forces and induces well-being by rational activity, by the creation of state capitalism. Here the absolute supremacy of politics over economics reveals itself. Marx believed in a period of transition from capitalist to communist society, but he did not work this out carefully and gave only a brief description of how the victory of the proletariat would be achieved. For that reason his conception of the state during this period of transition was vague and confused and might even have been anarchistic. Lenin devoted much thought to this problem and worked out a theory of his own.

According to Marx the state is a weapon of class warfare which up to his time had been a tool in the hands of the ruling, exploiting class. The victory of the proletariat is to lead to the elimination of all classes and to do away with exploitation. But there will be a period during which the state will gradually die out as it becomes superfluous and it will finally be replaced by society. Marx spoke of the dictatorship of the proletariat, but Lenin gave this idea concrete form. He devised the plan of the transition period, during which the state remains the emblem of class control and therefore assumes power, but it is the emblem of the ruling class, of the victorious, though not yet completely successful, proletariat. During this transition period of dictatorship, society, not the state, is abolished and everything is controlled by the state.

That is why the Bolsheviki triumphed in the Russian Revolution. The Bolshevik Party was the only revolutionary party that sought political power and that had worked out a plan of organized government. Its spirit was imperialistic. The other Russian revolutionary parties, like the Social Revolutionaries, who followed the nineteenth-century tradition, did not want to attain political power, which they feared as something always evil and unclean. For they did not know how to handle such power. The old Russian Revolutionary Socialism had a passive and self-sacrificing psychology. Communism, on the other hand, proclaimed itself as triumphant, as animated by the desire for power and leadership. Its psychology is the psychology of

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strength and in this spirit it welcomed the Marxian ideas of the Messianic destiny of the proletariat. A similar Messianic idea of the lofty mission of the Russian people had always existed in the subconscious mind of the nation. For that reason the international element of Communism has been fused with the Russian element. Its internationalism recognizes that Russia has a mission as a nation. Russia is the light from the East, and the light from the Russian Communist Revolution will illuminate the bourgeois darkness of the West. The underlying motives of the old-fashioned Russian Nihilists, of Bakunin, of anarchism, and even of certain Slavophile doctrines, all became ingredients of Communism and were exploited along with Marxism.

LENIN triumphed in the Revolution because he combined ideas and fanatical faith with opportunism and elasticity. He never shrank from violating Communist doctrine, which depended upon him, not he upon it. The Bolsheviks were generally considered Utopians, but their Utopia was more realizable than the realistic policies of the other parties, for Utopias are always easier to establish than is generally believed. The Bolsheviks even proclaimed themselves great realists. They played upon the psychology of the Russian people and made use of the old customs and traditions of the Russian government. Much more Utopian in reality were such parties as the constitutional Social Democratic Party and the Social Revolutionary Party, whose spirit was humanistic. It would have been a far more Utopian task to win the Russian people over to democratic principles at the height of the Revolution than it was to establish Communism. Liberals never play a rôle in revolutions, and democracy is suited only to peaceful life. The Communists took the path of least resistance, not letting themselves be misled by Marxian doctrine as the Mensheviks were.

One advantage of Communism is that it affects not only politics but the whole attitude of a people, that it provides answers to all questions, that it is a new religion. That is why it persecutes other religions. It cannot be compared to liberal democratic movements of a merely political nature. It is madness to believe that Communism could be overwhelmed by any concentration of bourgeois capitalist powers. It exists not only as a social but as a spiritual problem. Communism is a danger and a warning to the whole world. It raises the apocalyptic possibility of a new organization of human life, and in order to understand it we must understand the spiritual foundations of the new social order.

II. Russia and the World Crisis

By M. J. Bonn

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THE PRESENT economic crisis differs in two respects from past crises. Former crises were overcome because the possibility existed of developing great tracts of virgin territory. Indeed, to express the matter paradoxically, the crises that occurred during the second half of the nineteenth century were caused chiefly by the sudden dumping of surplus goods on the world market by newly developed lands. These crises were overcome because still more virgin territory remained, which used up so much of the newly depreciated

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money and made such demands on man power that a recovery followed. But as soon as the next new country was fully developed overproduction again occurred. The present wheat situation is a good illustration of the final phase. It is the result of the settlement and development of northwestern Canada, or the last 'Wild West.'

It does not look to-day as if a new West would appear. It now seems as if we must, economically speaking, be content with the slogan, 'All quiet on the western front.' Of course the whole world is not yet completely developed, but the production of new territories is already so great that there is hardly any motive left for exploiting further possibilities. It is futile to send men and money to new lands to produce goods for which the demand is inelastic. No new wheat fields are needed, and we are abundantly supplied with raw materials and food stuffs.

The application of capital and labor to new fields of endeavor is useful only if it leads to the abandonment of old forms of production. Thus, if a fertile, uninhabited continent should rise from the ocean to-day, its development would present a great problem. Such a continent would be useful only if it absorbed men and capital long enough for a permanent change to be effected elsewhere. Of course, the necessary industrial equipment would be supplied by established firms, thus diminishing unemployment in the older countries, but the whole manœuvre would prove useful only if the new settlers were kept busy satisfying their own wants for half a generation, so that their output would not compete with the output of other nations producing raw materials. In the last analysis this would mean that creditor nations would have to forego interest payments for a long time, unless it were possible to establish new branches of industry that would fill human wants as yet unsatisfied. Many such wants exist in the older countries, especially in the realm of housing.

The misdirection of capital into overcrowded fields of production is one of the principal causes of the present crisis. Recovery cannot be brought about by further expenditures in the same old fields of production, for similar investments in new countries might prove more productive and the waste of investing capital in those fields in the old countries would thus be increased.

The much discussed problem of space is not really what troubles us to-day. Taken as a whole, the world is not suffering from want. Modern technique has made overproduction possible, and technical inventions such as the manufacture of nitrogen from the air have the same significance as the discovery in former times of new productive territories. This displacement of the colonial problem—if it is possible to speak of it in this way—is one peculiarity of the present crisis.

The other peculiarity is of a wholly different nature. Every crisis is the result of profound disturbances in the distribution system of world economy. So long as the machinery of production yields a comparatively fixed output and so long as deficient natural productivity and undeveloped technique make it difficult for social wealth to be increased, the problem of distribution remains secondary to the problem of production. But to-day we all know that technique can easily satisfy all human wants, and that the difficulty lies in the deficient social structure of modern capitalistic society. In and of itself this is nothing new. The same point has been emphasized in every crisis, though with less justification. The new factor to-day is that beside the world of private capital there stands a world of social capital, Soviet Russia, which claims that its people are quite untouched by the world crisis, which, it

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says, is entirely due to the system of private capital.

It is doubtless true that no crisis exists in Russia to-day, that is to say, no unemployment in the West European sense. But a colonial country with inexhaustible resources, with a population density of only twenty persons per square kilometre in its European territory and only two persons per square kilometre in its Asiatic territory,—scarcely more than half the density of the Argentine or Brazil,—a nation that is just beginning to build up its industries, would not be suffering from unemployment or from stagnant markets for its industrial products even under a system of private capital. Where there is want there can be no real surplus.

THE technical achievement of the Russian Government in building up its industries must be admitted without dispute. But it is part of the modern European's fear of reality that he is surprised when a country that forbids imports, that lacks the capital to develop its industries, and that is clumsily copying the West is not yet faced with Western problems. Russia occupies somewhat the same position that the United States did when the West was being opened up, with this difference, that Russia can now copy without effort technical and executive methods that at that time had to be invented. Considered from a purely technical point of view, it is surely a mighty achievement that Russia has been able, by increasing the productivity of labor more than the greediest capitalists have succeeded in doing, to accumulate considerable capital reserves with which to develop its industries. Naturally there is no unemployment in a country which has to resort to forced labor to achieve the man power necessary for its production of raw materials, which forces workers to move from one branch of industry to another, and which, despite every effort of its whole industrial system, has to ration out clothing, housing, and other necessities in quantities that are not only far below the average European level, but are scarcely above the bare minimum of subsistence. The fact that all suffer equally doubtless arouses a common feeling of Communist pride, but it is not a matter for statistical boasting. We all know that poverty makes for destitution; now we are asked to believe that poverty makes for wealth.

A comparison of Russian foreign trade with the trade of other lands will give a clearer idea of the present state of affairs. The imports and exports of Russia, with its 160,000,000 inhabitants, are about half as large as those of Canada, with a population of 10,000,000, and about twice as large as the imports and exports of the Irish Free State, which contains slightly more than 3,000,000 inhabitants. Russian imports for 1930 averaged 20 marks *per capita* of population, as against 400 marks for Ireland and 500 marks for Canada. Russian exports averaged 18 marks *per capita* as against 300 for Ireland and 420 for Canada. Even when all drawbacks are taken into account, it remains clear that the capitalist system, in countries that are surely no richer in natural resources than Russia, has been able to produce much greater results than the Soviet system has as yet achieved. In any case, the standard of living is much higher in both the above-mentioned lands.

Moreover, it is not true that industrial development in Russia coincided with the inception of the Soviet system. Despite all the destruction wrought in Russia by the War and its aftermath—and the greater part of this destruction took place on what is now Polish soil—the Soviet system fell heir to considerable capitalist equipment,

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which it appropriated without indemnifying the former owners. We should not let ourselves be overawed by Russian propaganda. We can recognize technical achievements without believing Russian propaganda when it asserts that the Soviet system has been able to accomplish more in a shorter time in respect both to production and to distribution than capitalism could have done. For even if we do not believe all the cock-and-bull stories about forced labor in Russian lumber camps, conditions there do seem to bear a strong similarity to the negro slavery of early capitalist days.

On the other hand, it must be realized that nothing is gained by objective description and critical analysis of essentially social movements. The defects of the capitalist system fall on the oppressed layers of capitalist society, who may believe in the hardships of the Russian people, but who do not experience them. The oppressed member of society who must bear want and misery that others, more favored than he, do not experience, sees a much better system in the Russian equality of pain and privation, or rather in the special oppression visited upon 'class enemies.' We cannot make the unemployed of Europe forget their own woes by pointing out Russian tribulations. If they believe that the capitalist system is breaking down, it is entirely natural that they should turn to the Russian system, which seems to be free from such troubles. The fact that during the present crisis there exists a Soviet system with which comparisons can be made constitutes the second element peculiar to our time. If capitalism cannot prove that it has accomplished considerably more than the Russian system claims to have accomplished, its future in Europe is not assured.

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Here is a lecture delivered by the editor of *Life and Letters* explaining the rise and fall of literary reputations.

The Bubble Reputation

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

From *Life and Letters*
London Literary Monthly

ALL OF US have been puzzled by the violent ups and downs of literary reputations. You have noticed how authors rise in favor, and how quickly, often, admiration of them declines; I have noticed that the desire of critics to praise them also varies erratically. The merits and defects of authors remain, of course, what they are, but whether it is their merits or their shortcomings which strike us seems to depend upon causes that often have little, or nothing, to do with literature. This seems to me a good subject to discuss. It is a corridor subject on to which many doors of thought open. In case I sometimes wander from the point, I will state at the outset what I intend shall be the main drift of my discourse.

I propose to examine that enthusiasm for books and authors which over a short period we call literary fashion and over a long one we call fame, and to inquire what value both fashion and fame have as criterions of merit.

Now, there are two kinds of fluctuations of taste: those of a decade or less, and those which occur at longer intervals and mark the passage from one generation to another. There are also fluctuations that stand in the same relation to both these lesser ones as the tide does to waves: these longer ones are called, in literary history, periods—the Elizabethan period; the eighteenth-century, neo-Classical period; the Romantic period; and so forth. But, although these fluctuations differ from briefer ones in importance and in persistence, in their nature they resemble them. For some reason, or reasons, certain qualities in literature cease to appeal to men's imaginations and others begin to appeal instead, with the result that the reputations of particular authors go up and down.

I propose to examine this phenomenon first on the smallest scale, its manifestation in those brief fits of fashion, those little subsiding and rising crestlets of fame, which leave the general drift of appreciation or neglect unaltered. Let us first see how a reputation starts.

Authors are discovered by the passionate few. It is an honor to be the first to discover merit. Next to the triumph of writing a good book or a good poem —though, of course, a long, long way behind it—comes, perhaps, the satisfaction of recognizing one and convinc-

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ing others of its merits. It is a feather in one's cap to be the first to appreciate an author whom presently the world is going to think wonderful. Vanity is involved. Consequently, the moment any author is hailed as noteworthy by the few who are recognized as likely to know what is good, there is a rush to admire him on the part of people who have a strong desire to admire but little independence of judgment. Their numbers are again swollen by a class of reader who may be described as literary or artistic snobs.

I call them snobs because they are chiefly influenced in their preferences by the amount of credit they imagine to be obtained from preferring this book to that, that author to this. The essence of snobbery is, after all, to admire for the sake of being admired; to pay homage instinctively where homage leads to respect's being paid to one's self. It is a side of human nature that is constantly brought to the notice of a literary editor. The social snob chooses his friends according as they increase his own importance. Literary snobbishness is largely responsible for those passing fluctuations, of which I am talking, in the reputations of authors. It is, from its nature, necessarily fickle in its enthusiasms and exaggerated in the expression of them. It is one of the worst enemies of judgment and taste. Its subtle and destructive pervasiveness has been very clear to me and exasperating. Such snobs have introduced into the life of letters something of the excitement of politics or the Stock Exchange. Their temperaments are the workshops where the halos, pedestals, animated busts, and ample royalties are manufactured. Only the initiative is never theirs. The diffidence of their separate judgments is as striking as the fervor of their collective admiration. Like Wordsworth's cloud, they 'move together if they move at all.'

But, though it may safely be said that they never choose the recipient themselves, the glow, the glory of the sunburst that surrounds the figure of the literary traveler is nearly always their work. Sometimes, indeed, those rays are positively scorching, so that his reputation begins to wither even while it ripens; and the very critics who, at first, rejoice to see fame following the pointing of their fingers turn uneasy at the sight of so much docility. Then, if the critics do not start blowing positively cold themselves, they will, at any rate, begin to remind the literary snobs that their beneficent rays might be a little more evenly distributed. For this is one of their great faults: they will exalt the chosen one to a pitch past bearing to those who compare and remember. Their enthusiasm inevitably provokes a critical reaction, and with it round again they veer themselves.

I DO not blame them; they can't help it. Still, it is hard on the literary traveler, who has discarded his cloak to bask in adulation, that while he is, perhaps, actually mopping a grateful brow and murmuring, 'Too kind, too kind,' the sun should suddenly go in; and, from a blackening east, a chill should strike him. No wonder if he then grows suspicious and mutters darkly of conspiracies against him. Who can stand his reputation's being blown out and burst like a paper bag, unless he knows such people for the flibbertigibbets that they are?

Their enthusiasms, their salams, their acrobatic prostrations, their chops and changes have made me feel very old, older than my years. It is not natural that I should have seen quite so many reputations flourish and fade; I am not approaching my ninetieth year. And it is not that these fickle enthusiasts made a series of hasty blunders which they have had, as hastily, to

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retrieve. No, their enthusiasms (thanks to a few good guides) have been, though excessive, well directed: Carlyle, Tennyson, Ruskin, Swinburne, Meredith, Henry James, and Thomas Hardy are worthy of great admiration.

Yet to hear recent talk about Tennyson one would think he never wrote a better line than:—

> The little town
> Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

Meredith, whose heightened reflection of the beauty and courage of life threw, not so long ago, older novelists in the shade, was made, before he died, the Grand Old Man of English letters. But now? Away with him. Ruskin and his magnificent prose? Away with him. Carlyle, a master of pencraft if ever there was one? Away with him. Swinburne, who once made judgments reel with his winding, surging melodies? Away with him.

You have met perhaps in life emotionally poor natures who have only sufficient stock of amity for one friend at a time; who, in order to make a new friend, must drop an old one. They are never sane judges of human nature. Literary snobs resemble them. Their minds are like little buckets that must be emptied before they can be filled with enthusiasm, and they spend their lives running backward and forward from the well to the sink.

Talking to some friends of mine in this fashion, whose rapid revulsions and temporary admirations had exasperated me, I ended by saying: 'I will give you a few tips after your heart. You know how exhilarating it is to be among the first to scramble into the train of the latest literary enthusiasm, and how depressing it is to find you have only got in at the last moment and have to bundle out at the next stop. You know your love of making Grand Old Men. You were right to glorify the delicate art of Henry James, but you did not sit long in the Jacobean train, did you? You were right to admire Hardy, but get out before the smash comes, and the æsthetic *sauve qui peut* starts. The smash will come, because *no* author can sustain the reputation it delights you to bestow, the reputation of being "the one and only." Some critic will soon point out that, though Hardy has a profound tragic sense, he often tried to express it through crudest melodrama; that, though he writes with lovely originality, his books are full of inept sentences like: "There was not a point in the milkmaid that was not deep rose color"; and, although he has written poems, that many of them are only quaint, lamenting tunes drawn from a snoring old 'cello. And then—well, you know how easily you are stampeded. Now the Tennyson train and the Walter Pater train are, on the other hand, practically empty; get your corner seats now. I can promise you a nice long run.'

Well, I have said enough about these temporary fluctuations and the manufacture of these fickle enthusiasms. Yet they are of importance; they have reverberations wherever there is a keen interest in literature; above all they excite the young, and it is a mistake to suppose that, because a critic or a journalist is a literary snob, he therefore is devoid of talent or sensibility. But, before I leave this part of my subject, I wish to mention two other irrational influences that distort literary estimates.

There are two danger periods in a literary reputation. The first occurs when an author's fame emerges beyond the warm circle of intimate admiration; when from the coterie it spreads to the world. And later, again, when he has been before the public a considerable time—though not yet long enough to be in the running for the position of a Grand Old Man of letters.

It is, on the whole, a beneficent provision that new talent should be kept in

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countenance and encouraged by the excessive admiration of friends, whose proselytizing ardor is due to the feeling, '*We* know what's what, but the world does not.' But no author should count on this delicious partisan enthusiasm's accompanying him through life. Although coterie enthusiasm is sincere, it is fickle; and the very people who have what may sometimes be described as a genius for creating it are those most likely to be changed by the discovery that it is widely shared. FitzGerald never again admired Tennyson fervently after he had been recognized as a great poet. I have noticed that among those who now run down the style of Lytton Strachey are several of those who first hailed him as a writer of rarest excellence. As a matter of fact, he writes even better than he did. In case you will not take from me such an exoteric opinion, let me add that it is shared by Mr. Max Beerbohm, who can himself write prose. Our instinctive reactions are 'so light that they are blown backward and forward at the opening of opposite windows.' How depressing it is, how disturbing to the judgment,—

> When among the world's loud gods
> Our god is noised and sung!

Then there comes that stage, the second danger period, in the renown of every author when all the reasons for admiring him have not only been expressed, but reiterated. The public, except the few who have really critical minds, are tired of reading his praises. The only chance, therefore, of being original is to run him down. I should say Hardy's reputation had reached the point at which people would soon be more ready to listen to the critic who crabs him than the critic who praises him. Conrad's reputation, I believe, has reached it. The time has come when the public will listen attentively to someone who takes this line about him: The English must always have a writer of adventure stories to make a fuss over; what *is* Conrad, after all, but the wreck of Stevenson floating about on the psychological slipslop of Henry James?

NOW, and at last, I come to those wider, deeper fluctuations in literary reputations which roughly correspond to the difference between youth and age, between two generations. The ups and downs of reputations which result from this cause are more profound and disturbing. They have even to contemporaries the air of irreconcilable finality, though to the literary historian looking back across long stretches of changing opinion they are hardly perceptible. To him, the only changes worthy to be called changes are such prolonged movements of the taste as that which in the eighteenth century withdrew love and curiosity from the literature which lends 'the force of reality to the imaginary,' to fix them upon literature which 'lends the charm of imagination to reality'; and when the Romantic Movement set in, changed again. It is, I believe, the withdrawing roar of that great Romantic Movement which is sounding now in the ears of the elder generation, and sounding so like the rattle of tumbrels.

Perhaps you have noticed that the young are finding it exceedingly difficult to write poetry or to create in fiction and drama. (I am aware that there is certain malice in that question: it is intentional, I am not yet converted to them.) But there is more in it than that. The young-generation novel, for instance, tends to be an elaborate inner monologue rather than an objective picture of life, and in the new novel character drawing tends to dissolve into tracing psychological processes that may be human, but are not distinctive. Consider, for a moment, the development of the novel from this point

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of view. It is rather interesting. First, we have the story in which action and events are the main sources of interest. Of course, since stories are about human beings, and human beings think and feel, we are told at intervals what the characters think and feel; but their thoughts and feelings are conventionalized and always germane to events. Presently, especially in love romances, feelings become more and more minutely described, but they are still prompted by what happens, has happened, or is about to happen.

Then comes a change. Tolstoi notices a fact about human nature so obviously true that it soon becomes part of every ambitious novelist's stock-in-trade, namely, the frequent irrelevance of our thoughts and feelings. Artistically introduced, used as he used it, irrelevant thought gives us a vivid sense of living *in* a character, and therefore of actuality. Thus Anna Karenina, at the moment of flinging herself under the train, is reminded of diving, and her last thought is not of her lover or her own tragedy, but of being hampered by her bag. You will remind me, perhaps, that the opening of *Tristram Shandy* also deals with irrelevant associations. That is quite a different thing: Tolstoi introduces the irrelevant thought not to amuse, but to heighten our belief in the reality of the moment. It undoubtedly does so.

And from then onward novelists began to try to get closer and closer to the actual content of the mind at any given moment, and to surprise emotion at its source. All sorts of mechanical devices have been recently employed to that end: dots, isolated words, broken sentences. We have traveled very far from the eighteenth century or the Victorian convention of soliloquies in neat, essay-like periods. In the latest kind of novel —Virginia Woolf's, for example— events have become merely interruptions in a long woolgathering process, a process that is used chiefly to provide occasions for little prose poems, delightful in themselves; as when the tiny gathers in some green silk Mrs. Dalloway is sewing on to her belt remind her of summer waves gathering and collapsing on the beach, waves described in a passage of delicate and rhythmical prose. And, last of all, the attempt (endless and hopeless in its very nature) to reproduce in print the very texture of consciousness leads Mr. James Joyce to record, in page after page, the jabberings—I cannot call them sub-*human*, but they are certainly sub-*rational*—of the idiot or flat-headed savage that talks unheard in the backward abyss of our minds and sometimes screams audibly in delirium.

Why should enterprising fiction (of course, it is only a small section of modern fiction that betrays these characteristics) be turning now toward this extreme subjectivity? One can think of many reasons: mistrust of sentiment, moral skepticism, lack of interest in the big, common world—due to the fabric of society's having had such an ugly shake and things's being in a bewildering mess, old types's losing their definiteness, prestige values's being questioned at every turn, and no one's quite knowing where he is, either on the social ladder or the moral ladder. Take away interest in recognizable types, the nobleman, the soldier, lawyer, squire, clerk, parson, doctor, shopkeeper, mechanic; take away gusto in expressing moral indignation and confident joy in melting over goodness; take away interest in getting on and in social prestige, and how much of the stock-in-trade of the older novelist goes with them! No wonder the younger novelists are driven to putting moods under the microscope and to relying more and more upon dreams, fantasies, and queer momentary experiences for their subject-matter.

Well, perhaps it is all of little im-

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portance—only a temporary wave, bound soon to crash, and not, as I was inclined to suggest just now, the beginning of a general and prolonged withdrawal of interest from old staple subjects, a real change. Well, perhaps—I must say I hope so. The only thing that makes me doubtful is the new poetry.

Now poetry is the most sensitive branch of literature; the first to be symptomatic of deeper changes. Specifically modern poetry is most peculiar. It is so absurdly obscure, so freakish in its exaggerations, so willful in the associations that it expects the reader to grasp, so brazenly idiosyncratic in mood, so regardless of sequence and syntax, so unaccommodating in subject and rhythm, so determined to avoid the simple and familiar, that one's first impulse is to dismiss it as the most hopeless literary imposture ever doomed to extinction. Yet the very extravagance of the faults of this poetry argues a skepticism regarding tradition and old standards so complete that it disquiets me—as a symptom. While here and there a poem, in the midst of balderdash closely resembling it, arrests us by its strange beauty and quite unmistakable authenticity.

Take from nature all sense of mystery, from great names the glamour of romance, from life a purpose; add to love the suspicion that it is an excitement which has little to do with the value of its object, and, indeed, there seems little left for a poet to do except sing his desolation, or to tessellate musical, startling phrases, which charm for a line or two, but consecutively commit him to conveying nothing. What can he do but base his practice on the fact that poetry, after all, is stuff made out of 'words'—an æsthetic half truth at that? Perhaps, then, poetry, which rose with the magic conception of nature, may not survive, as Mr. Richards suggests, the decay of that conception. This is one of the doors that open on to my corridor. I invite you to go in; I can only knock at it now and pass on. Nearly all the new poetry seems to me worthless, but that the movement may produce a *vinum daemonium*, a poison with virtue as a medicine, I do also believe.

POSTERITY will be the judge of that, you may say; and the word 'posterity' brings me to the second part of my subject, those larger, longer, deeper fluctuations in taste that have alternately diminished and aggrandized the fame of writers in the past, in the manner that we see with our own eyes, fashion and the difference between two generations, exalting to-day now one name, now another.

Whenever we feel doubtful about our own judgments, we appeal—don't we?—to posterity; and when we wish most emphatically to assert our admiration of an admired author, we say 'he will live,' meaning that posterity will agree with us, or of a neglected author that posterity will discover him. It seldom occurs to us that posterity may be an ass, as stupid as ourselves or our forbears. Yet, if we watch the vicissitudes of the fame of authors over long periods, some of whom have survived with added life and glory (for us), some as mere library mummies, it is clear that posterity, in the sense of successors, has as often been in the wrong as in the right, *from our point of view*.

I do not intend to follow in detail the history of the fame of any one writer. I might take Byron, for example, and show how the glorious, sky-wide combustion of his fame soon shrinks to a marsh light; how Matthew Arnold, exasperated by such unfairness, then exalts him to a seat beside Keats and Wordsworth (screams of indignation from Swinburne); how Arnold prophesies that, when the end of the nineteenth

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century comes, everyone of any judgment will agree with him. It does come, the end of the nineteenth century (Matthew Arnold is dead), Byron's fame is still at a very low ebb, in spite of such hearty swashbucklers as Henley. 'A twopenny poet and a farthing man' was Lionel Johnson's verdict. An absurd verdict? Yes, but Lionel Johnson was no mean critic, and one of the chief exponents of poetic sensibility of his day. Fifteen, twenty years pass, and we are certain that Byron was 'a great figure.' We are by no means sure that his poetry is of the highest quality, but we are positive that in the middle flights of poetry, when he talks, as in *Don Juan* and *Beppo*, on paper, and does not declaim, there are few or none to touch him in his own province. It is incredible, we feel, that our estimate of the relative values of *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold* should be reversed. Yet why should it not be? Posterity has been an ass before, why should it not be wrong again?

Or take Donne: the occultation of his fame over long periods is curious. He begins as the poet of the exquisites, the passionate few. During his lifetime his poems were circulated only in manuscript; he was famous before he was printed. Perhaps, until quite recently, he may be said to have had during his life the quintessence of his literary fame. To Pope—to posterity—he was still a considerable poet; but a poet who required to be rewritten. His verse seemed diamondiferous rubble. Later, in the eighteenth century, Johnson is much colder toward him. When a lady says that she prefers Donne's own *Satires* to Pope's version of them, the Doctor only growls: 'Well, Ma'am, I can't help that.' It is not worth discussing.

Years pass, and Coleridge and the Romantics rediscover Donne, admire in him 'meaning's press and screw,' though his verse does trot like a dromedary. His love poems, in which a fastidious young literary man to-day refuses to see any fault, to Coleridge are attempts to wreathe pokers into lovers' knots. Yet the Romantic generation admired him when they happened to read him. When we come to the next generation we find that this admiration has not spread. Browning revels in him, but his love of Donne is a kind of secret joy and private possession, from which, it may be added, he learns himself a good deal. Not until after Norton, Saintsbury, Chambers, and Grierson have written about Donne and edited him does he step into what seems to us now indubitably his rightful place in English literature.

All these generations in turn were, of course, 'posterity' to their predecessors. By the bye, the love of the young generation to-day for the metaphysical poets is a curious thing. It is, I think, due to sympathy with the attempts of those poets to get away from nature and common experience, an attempt peculiarly repulsive to the age of Queen Anne; partly also to the reaction against the faith-poetry of Shelley and Wordsworth. Well, anyhow, Donne is now again where he was in his lifetime.

It seems to us impossible that the fame of Shakespeare should ever be tarnished, but since that has happened in the past there is really no reason why it should not happen again. After Shakespeare's death Cowley had far more readers than Shakespeare or Milton. Now Shakespeare, though his first edition was brought out thirty-three years before Cowley's first, did not reach a fourth edition till four years after Cowley's seventh edition had been published. Nor were Cowley's readers rabble. Cowley was not an easy poet; Pindarics are not a popular taste.

Shakespeare, it is true, was kept before the minds of three generations in the eighteenth century by Pope, Theobald, Warburton, and Johnson.

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But the estimation in which he was held was very different from that worship bestowed upon him by the Romantics and by us. It was difficult for neo-Classical eighteenth-century lovers of literature to swallow Shakespeare. They did, but they made wry faces over him. Dryden, you remember, in Johnson's opinion, 'had found English poetry brick and left it marble'; Shakespeare was a mighty architect, but for Johnson he built in brick. And we must not forget that besides praising Shakespeare magnificently he also said: 'He has corrupted the language by every mode of depravation.' You find Gibbon lamenting that Shakespeare *has* to be so much admired. There is a touch of contempt, too, I think, in Goldsmith's reference, in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, to 'Shakespeare and the musical glasses'; and did not Burns write of that stone-dead, stilted play, *Douglas*, of which but one line remains, 'My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills,' and which we in those days would no doubt have awfully admired—did not Burns declare,—

> Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan?

Horace Walpole, writing to Bentley, says that *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which he had just seen, was 'forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of an Italian opera book.' We know Horace Walpole's limitations, but he was a connoisseur. It is symptomatic of taste that such a man should pass such a judgment. (I cannot think of an exact parallel to Walpole among living men of letters, but how impossible it would be for a modern exquisite to feel like that about *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.)

AND that brings me to a point you have probably been waiting for me to reach.

It is true that the reputations of authors which we consider it almost insane to question have gone up and down, and we see that the judgment of posterity in the past, according to our notions, has been far from reliable. From its behavior in the past we must conclude that it will also be unreliable in the future. Yet certain authors have survived. Posterity goes back to them, if only to marvel that they were once thought perfect.

And it is not only the reputations of men of letters which wink and go out like a crazy lighthouse. Run over in your mind the history of the fame of Joan of Arc: the humanists of the Renaissance took little interest in her, she was too Gothic; to the reformers of the Reformation she smelt of idolatry; during the seventeenth century her memory was preserved as an appendix to the life of Charles VII; in the eighteenth century to Voltaire she was a joke, and to the post-French-Revolution men she was still too queer a figure for admiration (the *émigrés* took no notice of her, Chateaubriand did not dare to introduce her into his *Génie du christianisme*). Then in France she became a symbol of patriotism, an idea of which she had no conception, and to the world at large she has recently become a prime example of that mysterious force that cuts across and triumphs over the strength of practical men. The Roman Church has canonized her, and the prophets of evolutionary religion (Shaw, for example) have adopted her as a true saint.

It is amusing that two religions so hostile toward each other should both claim her. I had an interesting talk once with a priest about Shaw's *Saint Joan*. He was ready to be impressed, and, indeed, to be astonished at Shaw's insight, but he said he had made one bad blunder—Shaw had taken for granted that sanctity was a form of originality; that the 'saint' was neces-

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sarily a religious 'genius' who added something to religion. Of course to Shaw the saint must be that. According to him, what is really significant about us all is that we are more or less luminous nuclei in the albumen of a universal egg. Some brains let through 'the light of the world' better than others; these are the men of genius and the saints. The terms must be interchangeable for him. (This is, by the bye, a religion that is most likely to appeal to those who are most conscious of being themselves original.)

However, what seems clear is that the figures of literature and history live in the thoughts of men only on the condition that they change their aspect. Humanity is interested in past ages and dead authors only in so far as it can attribute to them its own passions and thoughts. Every age, as Emerson said, has another sieve. The kind of fame that is distinguishable from 'the bubble reputation' is based upon some quality in a writer or a man that makes it possible for succeeding generations to admire him for different reasons. In that sense the verdict of posterity is indeed the surest test we have of greatness. But, as the contemporaries of an author, we naturally cannot tell if his work has this power of continually accommodating itself to new angles of vision, new ways of feeling.

It has sometimes been thought that fame in different countries during a lifetime is a sign that an author possesses it. That seems highly doubtful. I was reading the other day a rather pathetic book, the *Autobiography of Martin Tupper*. His fame was, if ever there was one, an example of a 'bubble reputation.' After he had been made a F. R. S. on the strength of his literary attainments, after he had enjoyed the widest circulation in the world, the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, when he sat down in the 'eighties to write his life, had become the scorn and whipping boy of every reviewer. 'Only worthy of Tupper' was the current phrase of abuse. He was a rather dense, plaintive, vain old fellow, and his autobiography is a string of laudatory extracts from contemporary opinion. I will quote one from the *Saturday Review* which bears on this point of the value of contemporary fame abroad as an indication of future fame:—

> If men delight to read Tupper both in England and America, why should not they study him both in the nineteenth century and in the twentieth? The judgment of persons who are more or less free from insular prejudice is said in some degree to anticipate that which is admitted to be the conclusive verdict of posterity.

You see, even contemporary world fame is not a safe indication of greatness. No one has called Tupper great. What, then, is the relation between true fame and the verdicts of posterity? I will paraphrase a passage from Sainte-Beuve.

> Posterity is like an immense army, compact and ever-increasing, on which a man can make an impression and over which he can triumph only by repeated victories. A man dies full of glory; he may well believe himself a victor and go to sleep in triumph. Like Mithradates his last sight may be of the flying Romans. A delusion! A few years after, all his work is again under consideration, if he is not already half-forgotten in the crowd of new writers by the young who never knew him, who are inclined to be skeptical about his great achievements because their fathers admire them. His credentials are there in his works, but each new generation doubts his living force. Repeated resurrections from the grave can alone prove that a powerful spirit lies there, formidable even in silence and in the shades.

It was of such fame as this that Renan was thinking when he said that '*la gloire*' was the thing in life which had the best chance of not being vanity; it was this fame the young Milton had in mind when he wrote to Diodati: 'Do you ask what I am meditating? By the help of Heaven an immortality of fame.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

REGARDS SUR LE MONDE ACTUEL. *By Paul Valéry. Paris: Librairie Stock. 1931.*

(René Lalou in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

IF CRITICS in the twenty-first century possess, as I hope they will, the notebooks Paul Valéry kept between 1890 and 1900, they will smile at our groping and erroneous criticisms of him. Will they have the generosity, I wonder, to remember that we had to go backward over the road that he had followed and to reconstruct for ourselves from circumstantial evidence the mental laboratory in which he had developed his ideas long ago? In any case his latest book, *Regards sur le monde actuel*, offers us valuable assistance, for it includes essays dating back to 1895, as well as his most recent work, written this year. An interpretation of the present world by its most rigorous analyst, *Regards* also constitutes a fragmentary autobiography.

For many readers and for a still larger audience of radio listeners, Valéry's speech welcoming Marshal Pétain to the French Academy last winter formed his début as a political writer. That speech, with its pre-war and post-war pictures and its dramatic peroration, which has been echoed by many anxious spirits, is to be found in the last pages of *Regards*. Close students will link this speech to the essay on *The Crisis of the Spirit*, written in 1919, when Valéry depicted the European Hamlet confronted with the enigma of his destiny. But *Regards* also reveals that 'the immediate political problem' had occurred to Valéry thirty-five years ago in its essential form as 'the determination of the relations between the individual and the mass of men whom he does not know.' It was then that he began the investigation whose most important successive steps are now revealed.

In 1895, the Chino-Japanese War occurred; in 1898, the Spanish-American War. 'This indirect blow in the Near East and this direct blow in the Antilles' made Valéry visualize clearly 'a kind of virtual idea of Europe' that he had been carrying unconsciously within him. It did not take him long to recognize that the nations of Europe, though military and commercial rivals, had forced the peoples of other continents to adopt their products, their armaments, and their technique. European predominance, which was menaced in 1895, seemed definitely ruined in 1919, when Valéry asked whether Europe was going to be reduced to its geographic confines as 'a little cape on the Asiatic continent.' To the pitiless balance sheet he drew up in *The Crisis of the Spirit*, we must now add this bitter judgment: 'The miserable Europeans have preferred to play at being Armagnacs and Burgundians rather than take throughout the whole world the great rôle that the Romans took and held for centuries in the world of their time. Their numbers and their resources were nothing as compared to ours, but they found in the entrails of their chickens more just and consequent ideas than all our political sciences contain.'

Valéry finds two reasons for the errors of political specialists. They believe in the power of common sense and in the lessons of history. Moreover, these two errors are complementary, because the common sense that 'the sciences are attacking, upsetting, and mystifying every day' is 'searching and finding in past history the means of understanding nothing of what will happen

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to-morrow.' Valéry also accuses the historians of having offered politicians 'a disorder of images, symbols, and theses,' a mass of false models and inexact precedents that prevents them from conceiving of the future. Like Descartes, Valéry disdains history as 'the most dangerous product that the chemistry of the intellect has created.' Above all he blames official history for having ignored the true history of humanity, for having confined its attention to strictly local phenomena, for having ignored really important events, slow and silent transformations. 'Great events,' he says, 'are perhaps great only to petty spirits. To more attentive spirits the insensible and continuous events are the ones that count.'

CLEARLY this is fertile criticism. What it destroys are the scaffoldings that hide the real structure. Two chapters in *Regards* are devoted to Paris and France, and Valéry evokes with penetrating tenderness the 'figure of equilibrium' that this country is tending to become, the ideal of synthetic unity that manifests itself in the mixture of our ethnic elements, in our architecture, our language, and especially in our poetry, where he finds a 'symbiosis of sense and sound.' Nor should we forget that the passages in which he discusses 'the decadence' of Europe also impress us with the 'grandeur' of Europe and with the 'incomparable' originality of its nations and the brave generosity of its thinkers.

Wherein did the essential novelty of the European spirit lie? According to Valéry it 'created a very powerful body of laws and manners by obstinately searching for results that could be exactly compared and added up with one another.' But statesmen have borrowed from this treasure only that which fortifies their 'primitive policy.' It is their fault, says Valéry in conclusion, that 'Europe does not have a policy on a level with its thought.'

In his *Preface to the Book of a Chinaman*, Valéry pointed out that tradition and progress are the two outstanding enemies of mankind. With tradition, at any rate, a break is indispensable, because 'melodic history is no longer possible' now that disturbances originating in the West make themselves felt to the furthest confines of the East. And does not progress make the past less and less intelligible? Is n't our desire for acceleration and our need for intense shock increasing automatically? Has n't the alliance between science and capital engendered a new kind of fabulousness? Has not light, the ancient symbol of clear knowledge, become the chief enigma of the world? And is it not conceivable that our personality can be modified down to its secret, intimate details by purely physical causes? Thus Paul Valéry, letting fly his brilliance in every direction, uncovers to our eyes a symbolic universe tied together by an ample network that is constantly growing tighter. At the end of his explorations, one evident truth imposes itself, 'The time of the completed world begins.'

Valéry tells how he first came to formulate this statement thirty years ago while meditating over an atlas. It seemed to him that the two essential features of modern history—essential because they tend to modify humanity in its way of life—could be summed up as follows: increase of accuracy and precision, increase of power. This reflection led him to distinguish two phases in the development of the human adventure. Centuries of evolution in an unformed and indefinite *milieu* are being followed by a new age in which our actions are confined to 'a well-determined, definitely limited' space.

Now that Paul Valéry himself has fully grasped the conception of plan-

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etary solitude that so many people are barely able to understand, he adds something that should not surprise us. 'Nothing more will be done without the whole world's becoming involved and we shall never again be able to foresee or to circumscribe the almost immediate results of what we shall attempt.' Is it necessary to point out how the facts have confirmed this statement? In ancient times such decisions as were made at the end of the World War would have determined the future for a long period, but, as Valéry remarks, these events 'within a few years, because of the number of parties, the enlarged theatre of action, the complication of interests, seem to have lost their energy and to have been destroyed or contradicted by their immediate consequences.'

In a dry résumé like this of a work full of living intelligence, quotations will have to show the reader that Valéry, like his beloved Da Vinci, 'preserves his grace' throughout his most concise analyses. I should be ashamed to expatiate on the purely literary merits of a book each page of which gives us reflections of this order: 'The most pessimistic judgment on man, things, life, and its value agrees marvelously with action and the optimism that such action demands. This is European.' European, yes, and very Valérian, too, this gesture of courageously accepting a life that the poet who wrote the *Cimetière marin* once illuminated with 'desperate accuracy.' *Regards sur le monde actuel* is a book of action in the noblest sense of the word, a proof that Europe has not betrayed the spirit. In one of his most tragic pages Valéry questions an 'honest man' who is about to be granted power and asks him, 'What are you going to do TO-DAY?' *Regards sur le monde actuel* gives to every good European who knows that he is also a citizen of the world the right to ask this question, 'Will the policy of Europe always remain mortifyingly inferior to European thought?'

LASSALLE. *By Arno Schirokauer. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. London: Allen and Unwin. 1931. 15s.*

(From the *Spectator*, London)

A NEW life of Lassalle was needed, and we must welcome Mr. Arno Schirokauer's book, admirably translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. The book's subtitle, however—*The Power of Illusion and the Illusion of Power*—gives an unfortunately correct indication of the style in which it is written. When will biographers realize that the more dramatic—indeed, in this case, melodramatic—the life of their subject is, the less need is there to use the artifices of rhetoric? Lassalle's life should be told in the simplest and most straightforward way, in order to bring out its dazzling pace and *brio*.

One curious but excellent idea was to preface the volume by a selection of opinions on Lassalle by famous contemporaries. Of these, by far the most striking is Bismarck's account of his famous negotiations with Lassalle:—

> He was one of the most intellectual and amiable men with whom I have ever had to do, ambitious in the grand style, and by no means a republican. His sympathies were unmistakably national and monarchical, and he aimed at the establishment of a German empire. Here, then, we had a point of contact. Being, I repeat, ambitious upon a grand scale, Lassalle was perhaps not quite sure whether the ruling dynasty in the German empire was to be that of Hohenzollern or that of Lassalle, but at any rate he was thoroughly monarchical . . . He was extremely able and remarkably energetic, and I found it most instructive to converse with him.

The whole passage is very typical of Bismarck—a mixture of brilliance and sympathy with a kind of offensive patronage. What he says of Lassalle was very significant. Bismarck was used to being opposed by Liberals; this

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was his first experience of opposition from another type of authoritarian. For when he calls Lassalle monarchical, that is what he really means. Lassalle was a thorough socialist (as opposed to a Social Democrat). He was authoritarian to his finger tips.

The first half of the book is a long—perhaps too long—account of Lassalle's childhood and youth before he entered politics. The quotations from Lassalle's letters are, though, historically interesting as showing the state of intellectual ferment that a young German of genius was in, in the middle of the last century. Philosophy then was the most exciting of intellectual studies. Take, for example, this passage from a letter to Lassalle's father:—

> With virile maturity I combined the vigor and energy of youth. What changes a youth into a man? Experience. Yet how paltry, how slender, are the experiences that an ordinary individual can enjoy through the happenings and incidents of his own poor life; how few in number, how insignificant in content! It is otherwise with the philosopher; he makes his own the experiences of all history from the year one down to the present day. He has as much experience as if he had lived from the year 1000 B.C. down to the year A.D. 1844; he matures in the process of historical life; he is schooled by historical life, that is to say, by God Almighty. Thus have I been matured, thus have I been schooled, and that's enough.

The actual story of Lassalle's political activities, his conjuring up of a powerful trade-union movement in the early years of German industrialism, and the parallel story of his fantastic love affairs are well told. Herr Schirokauer evidently considers that Lassalle had failed politically before his incredible and irrelevant death in the duel. He seems to regard the duel itself, indeed, as a form of self-destruction.

Herr Schirokauer evidently considers that Lassalle's brand of national socialism, which was completely eclipsed by Marx's internationalism, is now coming into its own again:—

> A death, like a life, may last but fifty years. In 1931 Lassalle rises from the tomb, and, thus resurrected, gives the word—for what is making history in Germany to-day is not animated by the spirit of Bebel. The philosophy of Karl Marx is no longer the programme of Karl Marx's disciples. Faith in the class state gives ground before faith in the classless national state. Although Karl Marx had established the front of the wars of liberation across national boundaries, athwart all the states, we now witness a rehabilitation of Lassalle's conception of the state. Socialism, too, has frontiers. Russia has established socialism in one country alone, and a union between socialism and nationalist sentiment as in Germany, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, in Italy, and in Hungary, has brought into being that national socialism which is still unaware that it is the offspring of Lassallist thought.

Herr Schirokauer does not go so far as to say that Lassalle, if he had been alive to-day, would have been a Hitlerite. One might hazard the guess, however, that if Lassalle were alive the Hitlerites would be his followers.

LETTRES DE MARCEL PROUST À LA COMTESSE DE NOAILLES. *Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 1931.*

(Denis Saurat in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

THOSE parts of Proust's correspondence that have been published—and even more those which so far have not—leave a bad taste in the mouth. Not that I believe that the letters should not be published, or that they are harming Proust's reputation. How can we harm Proust's reputation? Nothing can alter the fact that he wrote *À la Recherche du temps perdu*, and anything that can help us to understand how he wrote it is certainly welcome.

Why are Proust's letters so disagreeable? Because they are full of the faults and vices of his personality. An extraordinary man, most charming in certain respects, he was most repugnant in others. Though he was a man of genius, whatever genius there may have been in his letters is completely

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obscured by his vices. I do not wish to put myself in the ridiculous position of judging Proust from a moral point of view, but it is interesting to see how, in his books, his 'vices' form an integral part of his genius, while in his letters they flourish alone.

He had a truly satanic capacity for falsehood and an extraordinary aptitude for anger and all the violent passions. These were his two principal faults, and he showed them both in the form of perfidious flattery. Falsehood he pushed to the limit. He, who had a highly developed critical spirit, who condemned Hugo's lines,—

La douleur est un fruit, Dieu ne le fait pas croître
Sur la branche trop faible encor pour le porter

(Grief is a fruit that God does not let grow
Upon a branch too weak to bear its weight),—

who could see Dostoievski's genius in his description of a face or house and Stendhal's genius in his sense of altitude, who judged literature with the keenest senses, without morality or sentiment—he wrote to Madame de Noailles:—

Your two first volumes of verse, which are all poetry, beauty, and joy to us, which we consider on a plane with *La Légende des Siècles*, with *Les Contemplations*, with *Les Méditations*, with Vigny's poems, with Baudelaire, with Racine, with all the most beautiful things in the world, yet which we love less than *L'Ombre des Jours* and *Le Cœur innombrable* . . .

And he gives as an example of this ultimate poetry, which 'surpasses all,' as he says:—

Qui fait qu'un mol étang où quelque barque chôme
Devient plus langoureux que les rives de Côme.

(Thus a soft lake with a bark at rest
Becomes more languorous than the strands of Côme.)

'I feel,' he added, 'that you resemble Wagner more than anyone else . . .' I believe that he took diabolic pleasure in writing such things, and hoping that people would believe him sincere. It was thus that Marcel lied to Albertine. It was thus that M. de Charlus enveloped his victims with his formidable hoaxes. The hypothesis of perfidy alone saves Proust from being a grotesque figure, and I am very much afraid that the *Letters to the Countess of Noailles* are a monument to Proust's perfidy. Perfidy in the subtle world of relativity, moreover. Proust lavished upon his friends a romanticism that was all the more excessive in that it was voluntary. At bottom, Proust, a genius of the modern world, was in no way a romantic, but he amused himself with romanticism. Hear what he has to say to Madame de Noailles:—

They say that poets are sublime go-betweens: will you recall a little of my disdained and forgotten love to the ingrate at 31 avenue Henri Martin? I admire and love you infinitely, Madame.

Do you think that Proust was not smiling when he wrote that? I believe he was laughing. Madame de Noailles adds gravely, as a note to the 'ingrate': 'My sister, so dear to Marcel Proust, with whom he was perfectly simple, confidential . . .' I do not believe it.

As much will be written about Proust as about Chateaubriand. And I wish here and now to voice this hypothesis —Proust's greatest joy lay in misleading his friends—a marvelous pastime for a serious invalid. It was he who maintained that everyone lies all the time, that everyone tries to create about himself an illusion that he can profit by, that no one can ever really know anyone else. It was he who wrote: 'A more profound truth than that which we should utter if we were sincere can sometimes be expressed otherwise than by sincerity.' Proust was a supreme and deliberate artist of falsehood, like Chateaubriand but to an even greater degree, since Chateaubriand despite all was nearer to the real

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satisfactions of life than Proust, the invalid, and therefore did not stand in such great need of falsehood. The women in Proust's life will be studied as the women in Chateaubriand's life have been, and Madame de Noailles has given us some pretty terrifying documents.

No one has ever been more profoundly alone than Proust, who denied even friendship and surrounded himself with a conception of personality according to which each moment of life stands alone, separated from every other moment experienced by the same personality. Not only is each individual alone in the world, but each moment of an individual stands alone, unsupported by other moments—excepting the Supreme Moment, which is eternal.

Therefore, since an individual does not know himself from one moment to another, and since he does not know other individuals at all, falsehood is the normal state, the very emanation of all existence, for existence proceeds only from itself. If, then, vice, perfidy, cruelty can bring the smallest pleasure, why sacrifice such pleasure, however small, for creatures so distant, so hypothetical, so unknown as other human beings?

We see in Proust's letters that he treated his friends as if they were as foreign to him as the Patagonians, as inferior as slaves. Terrible rages on the slightest pretext, fervent reconciliations without any pretext at all, for Proust's royal soul raised and calmed its own storms. People like Madame de Noailles were under an illusion in believing that they counted for something, that it was *their* poetry, *their* beauty, *their* wit that Proust was praising, *their* conduct that he was reproving. He alone lived: the people about him were merely occasions for his living.

Thus it is that there are two sides to Proust's writings. His books are the admirable achievement of an egotistical genius soaring into immortality. His correspondence contains the hypocrisy, cruelty, and lies of a total egotist searching for sensation alone. Yet his genius is based on his egotism. I do not mean that the egotism was the cause of the genius, but it so happens that this monstrous egotist was a writer of genius. To understand his genius we must understand the soul in which it dwelt.

Let us then publish Proust's letters; let us seek to know the man, even though we must despise him. Yet we need not judge him, for what good would that do? But we must know him in order to know his work—and to defend ourselves against it.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Feminist Fiction in Japan

NO FOREIGN country, with the possible exception of Russia, has been more misjudged by visitors from abroad than Japan. Like the Russians, the Japanese take good care that their guests shall see cut and dried pictures from which they will be able to take home a definite impression. It is to this solicitude that we owe those fervent pieces, some of which have appeared in The Living Age as well as in other magazines, glorifying the patriotism, the dignity, and the traditionalism of the Japanese people. The real thing, however, is quite different, and the changes that have come over Japan recently are clearly revealed in the fact that several prominent lady novelists have suddenly been converted to the theories of Karl Marx. Thanks in part to the official suppression of radicalism, advanced doctrines make quite an appeal to members of the intellectual classes, especially women, who have found that the same industrial system that gave them their economic freedom is now taking that freedom away through unemployment. An article in the *Japan Advertiser* by Miss Aguri Takahashi mentions three popular lady novelists, Mrs. Taeko Hirabayashi, Miss Takako Nakamoto, and Miss Ineko Kubokawa, who have abandoned romantic themes and devoted themselves to describing the downtrodden classes. Mrs. Hirabayashi has written a book called *Beat* depicting the miserable life of the tenant farmers. Miss Nakamoto's latest effort is entitled *The Caramel Factory*.

But the orthodox Marxian group is not yet a large one and represents simply the extreme of a tendency to abandon the old forms and to plunge headlong into the modern world. The plot of Mrs. Nogami's latest and very popular book, *Machiko*, shows the kind of thing that the public wants. The heroine, from whom the book takes its name, graduates from college and becomes engaged to a rich young man who is devoted to her but whom she does not love. Finally she throws him over, since she does not want to lead a self-sacrificing life for such a husband. Like many other intelligent and modern young women, Machiko then becomes interested in Marxism and falls in love with a young Communist. Against the wishes of her family she makes up her mind to marry him, but discovers the day before the wedding that he is about to become the father of an illegitimate child. This is such a blow that she comes to hate the man before it occurs to her that she is old-fashioned and should try to adopt the prevalent practice of free love. At this point, however, she chances to meet her previous suitor, who has since lost all his money and property but not his desire to marry Machiko. Accordingly she recognizes his sincerity, comes to love him truly, and the novel ends conventionally with their wedding. Both the plot and the background give an excellent conception of the state of mind of modern Japan.

Wigs by Clarkson

FOR NEARLY a hundred years British theatre programmes have contained the familiar line, 'Wigs by Clarkson.' Mr. 'Willy' Clarkson, the present proprietor of the ancient wig-making establishment, is now over seventy, and plans this month to sell the business at auction and retire. He was twelve when he was brought over from school in Paris to help his father, and he has worked with stage people's heads for sixty years.

Sarah Bernhardt was Mr. Willy's first big client, and he never missed one of her first nights in London. In his forthcoming memoirs he says of her: 'She was a wonderfully kind and exceedingly just woman, and we were very great friends. Her first nights were a nervous business for all of us. She always arrived at the theatre at eleven in the morning and insisted on doing jobs that would have been better left to other people. One of the most remarkable things that I remember was her ability to sleep at will. She could sleep standing up, and I have often heard her say in the

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dressing room: "I am going to sleep, but go on talking; it will make no difference to me."'

Clarkson knew Irving, Beerbohm Tree, Patti, Melba, and a hundred other celebrities. For many years, beginning in 1889 at Queen Victoria's request, he provided the costumes for the *tableaux vivants* at Balmoral Castle. But perhaps his most memorable achievement—outside of the fact that he has attended an average of four first nights a week for six decades!—is that he made the nose for Coquelin's first appearance in *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Le Corbusier and the League

In 1926 the Assembly of the League of Nations decided to build itself a palace and published the conditions of an architectural competition that stipulated, among other things, that the total cost of construction should not exceed thirteen million Swiss francs. In 1927 a jury designated by the League selected nine of the 377 plans submitted as being of equal merit, although the programme did not provide for such a decision, and announced that 'the competition had not yielded results that would permit a plan to be executed.' Of the nine plans chosen, all but one failed to meet the specification that the palace should not cost more than thirteen million francs—in fact all but one cost from two to four times the specified amount. The only one that did meet the provisions of the programme was that of Le Corbusier and Jeanneret.

As the author of *Vers une Architecture* and as the designer of many modernistic buildings, Le Corbusier enjoys an international reputation. He is one of the foremost exponents of 'functionalism' and has always insisted that modern architecture should be adapted to modern living conditions and to modern building materials. He is an aggressive and highly intelligent artist who did not take the judgment meekly but soon began publishing the facts.

Meanwhile, a committee of the League Assembly decided that the estimate for the palace might be raised from 13,000,000 to 19,500,000 francs and that the final plan should be selected from one of the nine chosen. The Association of Swiss Architects and Engineers at once protested, and their example was followed by similar organizations in other countries. The League authorities then decided to go ahead with the plan submitted by M. Flegenheimer and M. Nénot, a Frenchman over eighty years old, but allowed some of the other competitors to help modify it, not including Le Corbusier, however. In February 1929, Le Corbusier and Jeanneret protested through their lawyer to the League Council, but were told that the Council could not consider protests submitted by individuals. Nor was this all. The Council suddenly abandoned the original site, for which the palace had been expressly designed, but did not announce a new competition, as is customarily done in such cases. Instead, the rejected competitors were invited to submit suggestions 'at their own risk and peril.'

In spite of his unhappy experience, Le Corbusier drew up new plans and was invited by the League in 1929 to make an oral report on them, which he did. Some time later, he was surprised to find some of his suggestions incorporated in the final plan without any mention of his name as collaborator. After all these irregularities he has now written a formal protest to the League making these five points.

First, that the rules of the first competition were not observed when recognition was given to plans whose excessive cost should have eliminated them automatically.

Secondly, that this failure to observe the rules was made more flagrant by the unprovided-for solution of judging nine of the plans as being equal.

Thirdly, that the raising of the fixed estimate from 13,000,000 to 19,500,000 Swiss francs created an unnecessary disturbance in the initial rules of the contest.

Fourthly, that this disturbance was accentuated by changing the site.

Fifthly, that suggestions were asked for in order to be used by other men than their authors.

M. Le Corbusier openly accuses other architects of having plagiarized his plans and backs up his accusations with documentary evidence. He has made a strong case. If the League cannot decide such a

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simple matter in a spirit of generosity and intelligence, clearly there is something rotten in the state of Geneva.

England's Taste in Reading

THE BRITISH reading public has begun to turn away from war books and detective stories and to prefer more substantial fare. The public libraries of Croydon, a London suburb inhabited by families of the lower middle class, have reported that they issued over a million volumes last year and that the classics are gaining ground at the expense of the thrillers. Whereas the appetite, amounting almost to a craze, for novels of crime has subsided, Dickens still has the largest following of any writer, with Thackeray second and Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and Trollope not far behind.

Yet Croydon readers are not remarkably intelligent; they are typical town workers and suburb dwellers who are evidently recovering from the mania for sensationalism that followed the War. Hard times have made hard thinking necessary and the desire for pure distraction has begun to subside. Serious subjects are being more generally discussed with the result that books on economic and political subjects are in growing demand.

A Great French Cartoonist

A BITTER, witty, devastating old man of eighty, the father of modern French cartoonists, is dead. His name is Jean-Louis Forain. For sixty years his cartoons appeared regularly in the Paris press. For the last ten years of his life he was a member of the Institute. He was an acknowledged master of the *croquis de mœurs*, the cartoon in which he pitilessly revealed the foibles, injustices, and illogicalities of the society that he saw around him. His style has often been compared with that of Hokusai—astounding economy of line, which gave the appearance of negligence and lack of finish but which was in reality the fruit of the most intense study; and a resultant truth to life that startled the beholder. Not only did he develop a new type of drawing; he invented the short caption of a phrase or two, far wittier and far more suited to the rapid-reading modern newspaper public than the long, machine-made caption of the time of Daumier.

Léon Daudet once asked him how he thought of these captions. Forain replied, 'First I make the drawing. Then I listen . . .' Some of them are worth recording, in spite of the impossibility of retaining their full savor in translation. Under a drawing of a frowsy *cocotte* looking from the half-open door of a private dining room at the extremely dignified *maître d'hôtel* and extending toward him a bottle of Chartreuse: 'Achilles, would you mind taking this down to my little Paul? He runs the news-stand on the corner.' Under a drawing of a plump and prosperous gentleman apparently making violent love to a pretty ballet dancer: 'Please, dear, tell me whom you saw my wife with!' Finally, a mother dining with her flat-chested, sharp-elbowed daughter in a restaurant: 'Look, dear! Do you see that tall blond man over there with the lady in red? That's your father . . .'

Forain's wit was not restricted to his cartoons, and in consequence he made a fearsome dinner guest. Once he was seated next a lady who suffered from the malady that even one's best friends are afraid to tell one about. She did her best to engage him in conversation, tried again and again, but he resolutely kept his back to her during the whole meal. Finally the waiter passed the Roquefort cheese, whereupon Forain for the first time turned to the neglected lady and said amiably, 'You were saying, Madame. . . ?'

Basic English

IN A DAY when any two people of the two thousand million inhabitants of the earth can get in touch with each other in less than a second, argues a British scientific writer in the *Manchester Guardian* somewhat speciously, there is surely a pressing need for a common language. The particular tongue that he backs for the job is not a synthetic article, but Mr. C. K. Ogden's 'Basic English'—on the theory that since some 500,000,000 people already have at least a bowing acquaintance with

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the English language, English has a tremendous head start over other living languages and over artificial languages as well. He goes on to say:—

'Mr. Ogden has made the discovery that 850 words are enough for normal purposes if his system of rules and word order is used. For example, Leonhard Frank's much-talked-of story, "Carl and Anna," was put into Basic English with a little over seven hundred of these words. It is surprising to see how little has been changed, and how natural it seems to the reader. For special fields a greater number of words is needed, but this increase takes place only among the names. An exchange of ideas would be possible for an international group on any science with an addition of about fifty names to the Basic List of 850 words.

'By turning his attention to the behavior of the things that words are used to give an account of, and taking little interest in the forms of language as such, Mr. Ogden makes one see what a number of complex and delicate questions may be talked of by putting simple words together. The effect is sometimes a bit long-winded and not very pleasing to the ear, but the reader has no trouble over the sense. In Mr. Ogden's view, Jeremy Bentham's strange way of writing was caused by his use of a sort of Basic English and not by the fact that he was a bad writer.'

For the details of the system the reader must turn to Mr. Ogden's books on the subject, but some idea of the general effect may be obtained from the above quotation, which is itself written in Basic English.

Lafcadio Hearn

SEVEN YEARS before he died, Yakumo Koizumi, as Lafcadio Hearn called himself when he became a Japanese citizen, had occasion to annotate the manuscript of an essay on William Collins written in English by one of Hearn's Japanese students, Bin Ueda. This annotated manuscript has just been published in a facsimile edition, and Hearn's notes, which consist chiefly of advice on how to achieve perfect expression in a language not one's own, have been greeted by Japanese critics as indicating a remarkable knowledge of the weaknesses of the Japanese mentality. Here are the chief points which Hearn makes to his Japanese disciple, as they appeared in *Le Figaro:*—

'(1) You have a profound knowledge of English. You have read much and carefully.

'(2) For that very reason it is justifiable to criticize your work more severely than that of a less talented student.

'(3) Your chief fault lies in your thinking. Very seldom do you think for yourself. You accept not only the judgment of others, but the form in which others have expressed their judgment. You can appreciate a fine phrase and can make good use of similes, but neither phrases nor similes are your own. Often in an effort to embellish a given phrase you forget its function in relation to the rest of the text. You achieve polish at the expense of sense and harmony.

'(4) Your greatest need is to achieve power in your writing through the development of an extremely simple style. A simple style will bring you individuality as well as power. Without it you will never achieve either. Never. No one can write well in a language not his own unless he achieves an individual, *personal* style—at once simple and his own. I say all this to you because I believe that you are the one Japanese student out of ten thousand who has the ability to learn to be *himself* in English . . .

'Work hard to develop an absolutely new style for yourself, a style which shall be pure, unemotional, and *simple*. Power and color will then come of themselves. Never use a three-syllabled word when you can find a one-syllabled word that will do as well. Remember that in general the shortest words have the most meaning. And *think your own thoughts*.

'If you keep on working, I believe that you can become a writer *in English*. But it will require a good deal of thought and much hard work.'

Bin Ueda, in spite of this advice, later distinguished himself rather as a translator than as a writer in English. It is to him that the Japanese owe their knowledge of Dante and Paul Claudel.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Four Years Ago

SACCO and Vanzetti may be forgotten in Massachusetts, where no attempt has yet been made to alter the legal procedure whereby a judge is still allowed to pass on his own prejudice, but they remain symbols in Europe. Alfred Ehrentreich, a contributor to *Sozialistische Monatshefte* of Berlin, official monthly organ of the moderate Socialists, who are now saving Germany from Bolshevism and Fascism, writes:—

The night of August 22–23, 1927, witnessed one of the greatest judicial crimes in modern history—the legal murder of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti in Boston. This monstrous miscarriage of justice may be classed with the most famous judicial errors of the last century. It may be compared with the trial of the 'heretic,' Jean Calas, whose innocence was established after his death through Voltaire's tireless fight against orthodoxy. Or it may be compared with the Dreyfus affair, in which Anatole France, Georges Clemenceau, Jean Jaurès, and especially Émile Zola with his *J'Accuse* led the heroic fight for justice. And so it is—in France justice and humanity finally triumphed over all the powers of authority; in America the crime of injustice has remained, and outraged humanity has not been able to move the souls of men. For the real America is very different from the picture that our Byzantines have drawn of it. The Sacco–Vanzetti case also differs in another respect from the Calas and Dreyfus cases: they were essentially the concern of the bourgeois classes, while this case has touched the proletariat of all lands. Seldom have the masses of all nations stood together so solidly as they did in the storm of protest against this patently class decision.

Bourgeois critics have often reproached the Socialist movement with having invented the class struggle and then used it as a means of inciting the masses. And though there are Socialists who refuse to use it as a method, no one can deny its existence or its more or less veiled effect in trials involving social differences. This is one of the clearest aspects of what happened in Boston. There the moneyed class of a bourgeois North American state—mill owners, conservative politicians, and privileged educational institutions—helped to put two radical foreigners, two 'anarchists,' out of the way, since their simple teaching would, on a large scale, undermine the authority of this moneyed class over the masses. The social situation was against the two workingmen and demanded their conviction before even the shadow of a crime had been proved against them. But since a 'just' sentence had to be achieved by means of the judicial machinery, the accused were brought to their death by means of influencing witnesses, perjury, trickery on the part of the prosecuting attorney, and employment of the backward laws of Massachusetts in order to set at naught the obvious grounds for a new trial. Seven years of uncertainty, a modern edition of the old forms of torture, kept the condemned men wavering between hope for life and fear of death. It speaks for the inward greatness of two simple men from the humblest class of Italian immigrants that in their common destiny they grew into a single symbolic figure, approached the electric chair unshaken in their convictions, and, conscious of their spiritual superiority, in the face of death held out a hand of conciliation and pardon even to their judges and persecutors.

Blind America

THE BLINDNESS of the United States in attempting to fight the laws of world economics, according to M. Pierre Gaxotte in *Je Suis Partout*, has dragged the rest of the world into economic depression. Commenting upon a report on the present crisis and its

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causes recently presented to the French National Economic Council, he points out the international consequences of the period of artificial prosperity that began in the United States in 1925:—

After having grown immensely rich from the sale of goods both during the War and after the peace, after having cynically exploited first the belligerents, then the weakened post-war nations, the United States passed through a period of over-consumption, of frantic spending, of tremendous waste. Nothing was too dear, and there was never too much to buy. The situation was very different in the impoverished countries of the Old World, where people were used to counting pennies and were forced to count them. All products which the United States did not absolutely monopolize established for themselves a world price level considerably below the American level, and the world level gradually tended to lower the American level.

This adaptation to lower price levels should have taken place gradually, without dislocating trade, bringing about a corresponding diminution in production, which would have automatically restored economic equilibrium. But the Americans could not see it that way. They insisted on maintaining their standard of living unchanged, and fought with all their strength against the natural consequences of economic laws. They pushed installment selling beyond all reasonable limits, and rather than produce one electric ice box the less preferred to encourage the public to go into debt indefinitely. They fought bitterly against the redistribution of gold, and when it was no longer possible to stem the tide they compensated for gold withdrawals by an augmentation of credit which went into speculation as well as into production and caused tremendous rises in the price of stocks. When it became no longer possible to deny that overproduction was a fact, they did everything possible artificially to restrict production in order to maintain price levels that had no real basis. Associations of producers—trusts more or less disguised—set to work on this task and attempted to draw the European trusts after them.

These were vain and dangerous measures and did not help America to escape the depression. But the important thing is that instead of settling gradually to a lower standard of living, as she should have done, America fell from a height and dragged the rest of the world after her. Worst of all, she does not yet realize the cause of her fall. She still clings to her dream of an indefinitely increasing prosperity, without realizing that the theories upon which this dream was based have one after another proven false. Controlled money, controlled credit, unlimited consumption—her whole policy is condemned by the course of events. And the whole world knows it—save the Americans themselves, save Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon.

Psychoanalyzing Mr. Hoover

AMERICANS think the French are a nervous race. The French are convinced that Americans are a nervous race. They are both right, says M. Bernard Faÿ, writing in *Le Figaro*. It all depends on what you mean by nerves, and M. Faÿ sets out to define the American variety at length, with particular reference to Mr. Hoover and his moratorium proposal.

American nervousness is of the grandiose variety. There is no reason to believe that the American race was born nervous. But when it suddenly found itself in a country that had previously produced nothing but corn and Indians, where the temperature jumps ten degrees up or down in the course of an hour, and where Saharan summers are followed by Lapland winters, it needed nerves, and strong ones, if it were not to succumb to an environment that had already decimated so many Indian races. To build a continent in two hundred years takes an active nervous system.

The Americans, therefore, equipped themselves with nerves, and they still have them. No one who has heard a Swedish inhabitant of Los Angeles playing on a Hawaiian guitar will argue that Americans haven't strong nerves. The United States is the psychiatrist's paradise. The most popular

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American disease is the nervous breakdown. Bankers, actresses, stenographers, preachers, politicians, and trolley-car motormen like nothing better. In a country where the heavens are so bright and hard, where the air is so overcharged with electricity, something has to crack. 'Come, O ye prayed-for storms!' cried Chateaubriand, and straightway departed for America. When life becomes too disagreeable, too complicated, too monotonous, Americans pray with one voice for a storm. The storm arrives forthwith, in the form of a cyclone, a war, or a diplomatic incident, and three weeks or months or years of pent-up nervousness is suddenly released. When the storm is over, it leaves behind it a group of Anglo-Saxons, playing golf.

M. Faÿ then proceeds to psychoanalyze Mr. Hoover:—

Mr. Hoover, in the words of a brilliant French novelist, lacks the gift of delirium. His is a form of nervousness that cannot relieve itself by explosion. When you know him, you are struck at once by those bright little shifting eyes, those compressed lips that are usually silent. He is a man who is obviously holding himself in, and the liberating storm never breaks.

After the events of October 1929 this impression became cruelly obvious. Mr. Hoover was haunted by the thought of the depression, and this thought brought with it the nightmare of defeat at the next election. Then a more dangerous spectre appeared: the United States was face to face with Bolshevism. The red spectre appeared in Mexico, on the wheat exchange, on the oil market. Everywhere one turned one saw it staring like a death's-head —at once curiosity-provoking and dangerous, absurd and logical, stupid and diabolically clever.

Then one fine day the word got around Wall Street that Bolshevism was closing in on Berlin, on Hamburg, on Vienna, and consequently on all the American money invested in Germany. Where did the story originate? Bern? Geneva? London? Hamburg? No one will ever know, but the point is that at precisely that moment Mr. Hoover for the first time felt the liberating storm forming within him and within the American people. The moratorium proposal was announced; at one stroke all that was suppressed within him was released; and for the first time since 1928 he was able to draw an easy breath.

Against Mickey Mouse

THE ANIMATED cartoons of Mickey Mouse enjoy even more popularity in the movie houses of Germany than they do in the United States, their country of origin. But the National Socialists do not approve of such a decadent cult and one of their newspapers in Pomerania has published the following malediction attacking young people who decorate themselves with little emblems of Mickey:—

Blond, free-minded youths of Germany on the leading strings of Jewish finance! Youth, where is thy pride? Mickey Mouse is the most miserable ideal ever revealed. Mickey Mouse is a Young Plan medicine to promote weakness. Healthy emotions tell every independent young man and every honorable youth that the dirty and filth-covered vermin, the greatest bacteria carrier in the animal kingdom, cannot be the ideal type of animal. Have we nothing better to do than foul our clothes with filthy cow droppings because American business Jews want to make money? Away with Jewish brutalization of the people! Down with Mickey Mouse! Wear the swastika cross!

America's Surplus Cotton

UNDER the title, 'Capitalism in Delirium,' Fred Henderson of the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain discusses the dilemma of the American cotton growers and attributes their ills to 'the system of individual effort,'—we are quoting Mr. Otto H. Kahn's recent definition,—'incentive, and free enterprise incorrectly and somewhat unfortunately termed capitalism.'

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The annual world consumption of American cotton is about 13,000,000 bales. The farmers of the fourteen American cotton-growing states can easily grow much more than that. But while they can grow more they cannot sell more. The armies of people throughout the world with an insufficiency of shirts could do with it far beyond that limit. Capitalism does not, however, distribute a sufficiency of purchasing power to its serfs and hirelings, so their need for more shirts cannot express itself as a commercial demand. Hence a great and growing stock of unsalable cotton on the hands of American producers.

The United States Government has tried to deal with the problem of this surplus by setting up a Federal Farm Board, whose business has been to buy the surplus from the producers and keep it off the market in storage in the vague expectation of the arrival of better times, when it can be released for sale. In this way the Federal Board, at the end of July, had accumulated a stock of 13,000,000 bales of cotton, with a further 2,000,000 bales held up by the Cotton Coöperative Association, financed by the Federal Board for this business of holding stocks off the market.

The vague expectation of a reduction of these stocks by a recovery of the market has now been shattered by the publication of the crop estimate for the present cotton harvest. On top of the 15,000,000 bales still unsold from previous harvests, a new crop of 15,500,000 bales is now making its appearance. Therefore two years' world supplies—not world needs, you will be careful to note, but world supplies according to the limited power of payment that capitalism permits to the world's people—are in hand.

In these circumstances the Federal Board has been aroused to action. It has sent telegraphic instructions—note the urgency—to the governors of all the cotton-growing states that the present crop must not be allowed to come into being. They are asked 'to mobilize every interested and available agency to secure the immediate ploughing under of every third row of cotton now growing.'

But, says the *Times*, it seems to be impossible to bring this about by mere persuasion. 'Although economists and statisticians continue to argue with the farmer, he still has a deep-seated idea that it is better to have a big crop of cotton to sell than a little one.' The assistance of the banks is therefore being enlisted to bring him to reason; the banks being able 'to bring very effective pressure to bear by refusing credit.' And the determining factor in the success of the Federal Board's scheme is now 'how much the banks can do to force farmers to destroy their crops.'

The outstanding fact in the world's life to-day is that mankind has emerged from the immemorial ages of scarcity into a new age of plenty. But it is disabled from enjoying that plenty by clinging to an outworn economic system that cannot handle it, cannot distribute it, cannot apparently do anything with it except burn and destroy it as a nuisance and a curse. The economy campaign is a mere surrender to that incapacity. 'It is true that we can produce abundantly; so abundantly that any poverty in the world is now a ridiculous anachronism. But since the financial system cannot distribute our abundance effectively—and since it is evident that we exist to serve the needs of finance, and not finance to serve our human purposes—let us economize.'

I suggest to you that all this is mere delirium and unreason. This destruction of wealth, this insistence upon the need for sacrifice by economy, is the craziest misinterpretation of the world's discernible need, of the character of the age, and of the purpose to which we have to set ourselves. For the world's discernible need is the need of using what it can easily produce. The character of the age is that it has mastered the knowledge of plentiful production. The purpose we have to achieve is not that of making both ends meet in an age of insufficiency, but of enabling the world to live up to its new and unprecedented abundance.

For sheer craziness, there is really not much to choose between the two slogans—'Economic salvation by retrenchment,' and 'Economic salvation by arson.' They are only two versions of the same absurd misreading of the economic problem as a problem of hard times and scarcity, when in actual fact it is exactly the reverse.

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CORRESPONDENCE

COUNT D'ORMESSON'S insistence that the United States and France must work together if modern civilization is to be saved strikes a responsive chord in one of our readers.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

TO THE EDITOR:—

May I add my bit of encouragement for your valiant, efficient service in interpreting one group of people on this earth to another?

Your publication of the Ormesson Plan was the only one I know of in this country, and although it was so important very few people interested in international relations seemed to have heard of it. With the exception of one F. P. A. Bulletin, I did not see a single reference to it in any publication devoted to a discussion of the debt and reparations problem.

My sister in Lima, Peru, says that the young Americans in the Consulate and the Embassy there like to borrow her LIVING AGE from month to month, so there are hopes of extending your readers into this group of wandering officials who so sorely need just such a magazine as yours.

Keep up the good work and compliment your translators as well as your managing board.

Very cordially,

ELEANOR B. DAVIS

A German exchange student recently arrived in the United States takes exception to the criticisms leveled against Adolf Hitler in our March issue by Weigand von Miltenburg. We pass his communication on to our readers because it shows that, whatever the virtues or defects of the National Socialists may be, they have attracted some intelligent sympathy.

URBANA, ILLINOIS

TO THE EDITOR:—

One week ago I arrived at the University of Illinois, to stay here nine months as a German exchange student.

To-day I was reading THE LIVING AGE of March 1931, and I was especially reading the article, 'Hitler As He Is,' 'subjective and objective views,' as you call it. Part I is Mr. Hitler's New Year Message; Part II is called 'Handsome Adolf,' by Weigand von Miltenburg, translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-language daily. You say that Mr. von Miltenburg is 'an angry but informed compatriot.' I cannot agree with that statement because the *Prager Tagblatt* is not a German newspaper, only a German-written newspaper, published by the Government of Czechoslovakia, so that we in Germany don't speak about the *Prager Tagblatt* as a German newspaper, and do not believe that people writing in such a newspaper could be called 'well informed German compatriots.' Mr. von Miltenburg in his article is not giving Hitler a reply. He is writing only about his person and his customs. I can't understand why Mr. von Miltenburg did not try to give Mr. Hitler an objective reply to his New Year Message. He speaks only about Mr. Hitler's person, saying that he has an eyewitness to the scenes he is describing. I would be very glad if I could get the name of this eyewitness, because I know about twenty eyewitnesses who would say that Mr. von Miltenburg's eyewitness is not telling the truth.

Mr. von Miltenburg says that in Hitler's headquarters at Munich he conducts a 'reign of terror.' I know that there never has been a reign of terror at those headquarters, and everything said about that is untrue also. He also writes that Hitler is living a very luxurious life, and that his dressing table is covered with the 'most charming variety of perfume bottles.' That statement is fantastic too; I know from many witnesses that he is living a very simple life, and, besides, I don't know one gentleman in Germany who uses a charming variety of perfume bottles.

Mr. von Miltenburg also says that Hitler is copying Mussolini. I have seen Mr. Hitler very often, and heard him very often, and I have never noticed any copying of the Italian dictator, and I have never noticed the many poses and gestures during his speaking which Mr. von Miltenburg writes about. I always have had the impression that he is a very unassuming man, that he is not proud at all, and I know that everybody is always able to speak with him without any formalities, and that his manners are what you are used to calling very democratic in this country.

Mr. von Miltenburg writes about the so-called Hitler *Putsch* at Munich in 1923. The facts he reports about the Hitler *Putsch* are likewise untrue, because everybody in Germany knows that General State Commissar von Kahr had, together with Mr. Hitler and General Ludendorff, prepared this movement, and that he left Hitler alone after he had seen that he

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could not use this man for the erection of what we believe would have been a 'Southeastern Danube Monarchy.'

The scene described as: 'Hitler ran up and down the room, tearing his hair and shouting, "Kahr is a traitor, a criminal. I am Scipio and he is Marius. I'll destroy him, annihilate him, the lying, perjuring Marius,"' and so on, is untrue, as is also the statement that after the scene Hitler was weeping, because there are still living too many eyewitnesses of the scene who could prove that nothing like that happened. I cannot believe that THE LIVING AGE wants to give such an unobjective view about the person of Hitler to the people who read this journal, and therefore I should be very grateful if you could put a notice in THE LIVING AGE that the article, 'Handsome Adolf,' by Mr. von Miltenburg, does not tell the truth about the person of Hitler. It tells only his personal view, which seems not to be built upon any knowledge of Mr. Hitler and the National Socialist Party in Germany.

Anybody, also, who uses common sense, can never believe that a person who, starting with seven friends, has been able to achieve a party of about 10,000,000 voters, could be only an 'unbalanced, temperamental actor, an easily excited neurasthenic who is overwhelmed by events of the moment, and who lacks the capacity for real leadership and the ability to come to a decision at the right time.'

Besides, such a statement about the character of Hitler is an insult to at least 10,000,000 German voters, and I do not believe that THE LIVING AGE wants to insult those people. I have always seen that THE LIVING AGE has a very high standard, and that very many famous American and European persons are writing in this journal, and therefore I do not believe that you will sanction such an unobjective article about Hitler.

I also want to tell you that I am not a member of the National Socialist party, and I send you this note only because I don't want the people here in the United States to think so unjustly about a man who is said to have a very good character even by his worst political enemies in Germany.

I am, sir,
Yours very sincerely,
RUDOLF VON WISTINGHAUSEN

Two words of postscript. Herr von Miltenburg's essay later appeared as part of a book on Hitler published in Germany. Secondly, the *Prager Tagblatt* is described in the 1931 edition of the *Political Handbook of the World*, published by the Council on Foreign Relations, as: 'Independent; leading German-language liberal paper, representing less radical national feeling.' Possibly our correspondent has confused it with the *Prager Presse*, described as 'Semi-official. In German.'

Here is a communication very much out of the ordinary from Mahatma Gandhi. Although it simply informs us that his weekly paper, *Young India*, which appeared in multigraphed form for eight months, is now being printed again as usual, the fact that he can make such a simple affair seem like a turning point in world history goes far to explain his extraordinary prestige throughout the world.

ALLAHABAD, INDIA

In renewing your acquaintance after so many months I feel within me a glow of pleasure that under the greatest difficulty the paper has continued publication. I had told my coworkers that in the event of suppression by the authorities the paper was to continue publication even though it was a hand-written sheet multiplied to the extent of volunteers coming up to make copies. Where there is perfect coördination and willingness, copies can be thus multiplied without end and no printing press in the world can compete with such an effort. But I know that this is true only in theory. In practice one does not find that willingness. But nothing is impossible for *Ahimsa*, or active, unadulterated love. It surmounts all difficulties. My companions have chosen an effective method, though in my opinion one less in keeping with the spirit of *Ahimsa* and Truth, which know no secrecy. But I do not judge them. On the contrary, their organizing ability has commanded my admiration and respect. I do not yet know how over seven thousand copies are being issued with such regularity. I must content myself with thanking the invisible helpers and the numerous readers who have continued their association with *Young India*. In renewing contact with the readers through these sheets let me redeclare my faith.

Over eight months' contemplation in solitude has, if possible, increased my faith in Truth and *Ahimsa*. At the risk of incurring ridicule I repeat what I have said so often, that voluntary universal adoption of *Khaddar* with all its vast implications means *Purna Swaraj* and that civil disobedience becomes a necessary duty only because *Khaddar* has not yet obtained the hold it should. But of all this hereafter.

M. K. GANDHI

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

PROFESSOR M. J. BONN, author of a new book on America entitled '*Prosperity*' that was reviewed in our last issue, discusses the revolutionary potentialities of Communism from another point of view. He finds two unique conditions in the modern world. For the first time emigration has come to a standstill and for the first time capitalism finds itself in competition with an entirely different system.

JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET'S essay on Spain is infused with the genius of his country. One of the finest things that the Spanish Republic has done is to appoint as ambassadors such men as Ortega y Gasset in Berlin, Madariaga in Washington, and Pérez de Ayala in London. These intellectuals not only helped to make the Spanish Revolution but they are now interpreting it to the outer world. Incidentally, a sketch of Unamuno in our 'Persons and Personages' department calls attention to another great figure of the new Spain. At a time when the word 'crisis' is on every tongue it is refreshing to find that men like these are active in world affairs. Would that they might serve as an example to other countries.

ANYONE at all familiar with THE LIVING AGE knows our enthusiasm for everything that Leopold Weiss writes about Arabia. This time he describes a journey through the mountains and relates a few strange conversations that he had there. The fact that he speaks from a world so remote from our own is enough at this time of depression to explain our enjoyment in his work, but even at the height of the bull market it was an unmixed pleasure to come upon his prose.

DESMOND MACCARTHY, editor of *Life and Letters* and dramatic editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, discusses the uncertainties of literary reputations. His essay, or rather, lecture, since it was spoken before it appeared in print, covers nearly the whole range of British literature in its easy sweep.

WE ARE TAKING this opportunity to point out to our readers a slight change in this issue that they may not have noticed but that we are sure they will appreciate. Because so much material of outstanding interest is appearing in the foreign press at the present time we are adding a few lines to each page and slightly widening our columns in order to be able to include more printed matter in each issue. As a result of this change, scarcely visible to the naked eye, we have added the equivalent of about nine pages to the magazine. Now see if you can tell the difference.

ONE OF THE items in our 'Persons and Personages' department calls for special mention here. Friedrich Franz von Unruh, whose article on Hitler appeared in our August issue, describes the extraordinary career of General Ludendorff, who is still, it seems, a person to be reckoned with. After abusing the responsibility entrusted to him, as Hindenburg never did, during the War, he has been active ever since in trying to undermine the Republic. Should the supporters of Hitler and Hugenberg succeed in bringing about a revolution this winter, Ludendorff, or at any rate men of his stripe, will again become arbitrators of German destiny.

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WAR AND PEACE

THOSE who think that the danger of war is past are living in a fool's paradise. We have to face to-day a militarism far more powerful and destructive than the militarism that brought about the disaster of the World War. That was the achievement of governments. But among the people of the world the idea of war resistance is spreading.—*Albert Einstein, German scientist.*

The one nation which is to-day loudest in its protestations for the need of military security faces a neighbor that has by the Versailles treaty been completely disarmed. It is difficult to follow the logic of its demands. That nation, however, is not alone in its inconsistency.—*Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York.*

In the light of historical facts, what one gathers is this: that unless a nation's overpopulation reaches an extreme excess point in proportion to the territory, the increased population rather tends to lessen or tone down the aggressive attitude of the country.

A nation with a smaller population can take care of its citizens better, and the better fed and better educated citizens acquire more self-confidence, which in some cases results in a more aggressive mentality. Overpopulation tends to depress the people because of the harder struggle for life with less opportunities for promotion, and thus diminishes the confident and daring attitude of mind.—*Y. Tsurumi, former Member of Japanese Diet.*

Everything that has happened recently leads us to feel that the whole world is in peril. Without close collaboration, without intercontinentalism, the perils will not be overcome. One nation cannot be allowed to perish or commit suicide, since all other states would be menaced. Thus, neither the policies of Washington and Monroe in the United States nor those of Napoleon or Bismarck in Europe can longer be maintained.—*Senator Henry Bérenger, former French Ambassador to Washington.*

In truth there is in war itself something beyond mere logic and above cold reason. There is still something in war which in the last analysis man values above social comforts, above ease, and even above religion. It is the mysterious power that war gives to life of rising above mere life.—*Major General James G. Harbord, U. S. A.*

When the disarmament conference agrees upon the actual figures of the defense strength of each country, our idea is that these forces should cease to be forces left entirely to the disposition of these countries and that there should be an international mortgage upon them.

I mean that the Council of the League of Nations, when face to face with a case of proved war of aggression, should be empowered under Article 16 of the League Covenant to make use of them to settle a war crisis.

Are other nations ready as we are? Are they willing to put their permanent air, naval, and land forces under the control of and at the disposition of the League of Nations? By this gesture the problem of parity might be solved. —*Joseph Paul-Boncour, Foreign Affairs Chairman, French Chamber of Deputies.*

It is impossible to conceal from ourselves the fact that armaments in Europe to-day are very much more powerful than at any period before the Great War. A modern army of, say, 100,000 men, fully equipped and trained in every detail of modern warfare, would have not the least difficulty in wiping out any army of similar size which any country could have produced before 1914.—*Viscount Cecil.*

The world is still hesitating between two systems and two principles—the 'collective' or 'universal' principle, which is expressed alike in the Covenant of the League, the Locarno Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact, and, on the other hand, the alternative system of national armaments and military alliances, to which every country turns just so far as it distrusts the efficiency of the first. Both systems will long continue, but which will, year by year, become stronger? If the first, peace will be assured and confidence will be established; if the second, confidence will be impossible and war will ultimately be inevitable.—*Sir Arthur Salter, former Director of the Economic and Financial Section of the League of Nations.*

National groups living in close proximity tend to become less friendly. Fear drives nations to suspicion. They burst into fighting. The mechanized warfare of to-day is a complex form of utilizing the fighting instinct deeply rooted in us through thousands of years of human conflict. Without competition there is no progress. The struggle for existence cannot be avoided, but we can elevate it to a stage where it does not endanger the interests of others.—*Count Hirotaro Hayashi, President of the Educational Federation of Japan.*

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